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JOHN H. DAVIS

THE AMERICAN TURF

BY

JOHN H. DAVIS

HISTORY OF THE THOROUGHBRED, TOGETHER WITH
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES BY THE AUTHOR,
WHO, IN TURN, HAS BEEN JOCKEY,
TRAINER AND OWNER

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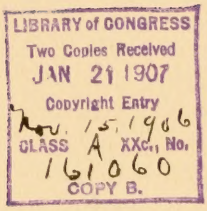

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BY

JOHN H. DAVIS.

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PREFACE

For a decade more than the three score years and ten allotted by a gracious Providence to man I have been awaiting the solemn call which comes to all human kind to weigh in, and then to the great Steward make account of the use to which I put the opportunities that came to me.

In the active competition of life, when rivalries were keen, when ambitions created new fields and contests kept alert both mind and body, there was little time, indeed, to do more than merely store away in unclassified groups in memory events and incidents each one deserving of a separate chapter. To write a history of the American turf had long been a cherished project, but each day of a life of practically unremitting and exacting labor interfered until the westering sun of my eightieth year warns me that I must be up and doing if I would achieve my cherished ambition and leave behind me something which I trust will be worthy tribute to the best and the noblest sport that it is given to man to enjoy.

If in the chapters which are to come there should be noted a tone of enthusiastic optimism, let the reader realize that sixty-five years of my life were spent in the activities of the turf as a jockey, a trainer and an owner; that I have seen, and in many of them personally participated, practically all of the great contests which gave fame to our thoroughbreds; that I have traveled on foot through valleys and over mountains, when but rough paths pointed the way between places now drawn close together by the bands of great trunk line railroads, leading the horse that was on conquest bent; that I spent weary weeks on journeys that now would be but the occupation of one brief day of luxurious travel; that I have seen the upward and the onward progress which has marked the rise of the thoroughbred in America from a little meet in some isolated though sport-loving place to the magnificent seasons of Belmont Park.

No optimism of my earliest and most enthusiastic days could have possibly created for me a grander vista than that

which in reality has come. No dream that I might have had more than a half century ago could have conjured up the multitude that on last Decoration Day I saw pass through the gates of the vastest and the best appointed race course in the world. No fancy of the years gone by could have pictured the popularity of the sport which has so entwined itself about the American thoroughbred. A long cry truly from famed old Governor Gary's Lane, where our own Washington of ever blessed memory presided and where he raced his own horse Magnolia, to the great courses which now cater to the scores of thousands who pay their devoirs to our noble horse.

Nor do I believe that we yet have reached our highest in the sport. It is better conserved to-day, it has a more popular patronage, it is better regulated than ever before. It is difficult to maintain one's poise and listen to the croakings of those who allege they fear disaster and already can discern ruin. Racing has had its dark days, as what sport or what man or what nation has not, and it may continue so to have at uncertain periods. But I have been in it a lifetime longer than it has been the good fortune of many to enjoy, and I have seen its good name assailed, and its patrons criticised, and attempts made to thwart its progress; but ever and always it has come out of its difficulties better and stronger than it was.

And it did so because of the love of contest which is characteristic of the American people. The American citizen is essentially a man who glories in struggles for supremacy; whether it be man or horse that battles, his sympathies are at once enlisted and aroused. The red blood that courses in his veins—the blood that has built nations and that has made of empires republics—the blood that to-day dominates the world—is quickened by the sight of contest. It glories in the battles of the thoroughbred, whose blood is uncontaminated and whose life is conquest. Tell me not that the day will ever come when the American citizen will look with either disfavor or indifference on a field of thoroughbreds. Tell me not that there is anywhere a scene so inspiriting as two horses locked in struggle, neither flinching and neither yielding, their veins in tension standing out like whipcords on their silken sides, their eyes aflame with interest, their nostrils

distended with excitement, giving up their best effort out of exclusively a natural desire to conquer. No prizes for them if they win; no fortunes go with the victory; winner or loser they go back to the stalls, conqueror and vanquished treated alike—the only sport in the world where two combatants struggle with all their might without individual glory save the appreciation in which the public holds them.

But I am digressing and discussing an impossible condition instead of confining myself to a word as to the progress of the sport—a sport which is at once a great and an important industry and a most popular recreation. In our early days it was but natural that it should hold a minor place, for the molding of a nation was work that compelled man's best effort and man's whole time. But no sooner had the country put on its swaddling clothes than the thoroughbred was imported, and every year since then it has grown and has gathered popularity until it stands at the very top of all our recreations.

Later in this book it will be my privilege to discuss this growth and the reasons therefor and also to point out the great practical value of the thoroughbred blood in improving the breed of horses. The Jockey Club—the governing body of the turf in the East—has inaugurated a Bureau of Breeding, which will do much to illustrate this to the public of the Empire State, and I have reason to believe that our National Government, through the Department of Agriculture, may move along a similar line.

Before concluding this introduction I desire to say that for the inspiration for this book I am indebted to that princely sportsman, the late Leonard W. Jerome. Sitting on the veranda of the old club house at Jerome Park one autumn evening after the races, Mr. Jerome and his friend, the elder August Belmont, than whom no better friend the turf ever had, were speaking of the deplorable fact that the only records of the turf up to that time were in the fugitive form of newspaper articles. I chanced along and Mr. Jerome urged that I take up the work. To him, therefore, I am indebted for the inspiration of this book, and to him and to my best and truest friend, George C. Bennett, of Memphis, this work is dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

CHAPTER I.

The Story of Godolphin, the Arabian.

While America is not the birthplace of racing and is not the country that first saw the merits of the thoroughbred horse, she now has the proud distinction of having been the country that encouraged the sport and brought it up to its present high standing.

From the insignificant beginning, when the Dutch traders and burghers first raced their Flemish ponies about New Amsterdam, racing has grown to almost colossal proportions. The whole country is honeycombed with race tracks of the very grandest character, and there is not a state in the Union but has some kind of a course. If running is not promoted, the trotting interests are appreciated.

Probably the first racing ever held was on the broad deserts of Arabia, where the turbaned disciple of Mahomet scampered about on his steed and challenged his neighbors to a contest of speed. If there were any regular races, however, there is no record of them, but the fame of the Arabian steed was known as early as the beginning of the Christian era.

It remained for France and England to introduce racing and the features that have grown about it. Of course, there were races during the time the Romans were ruled by the Cæsars and even previous to that, but there was nothing of an organized nature and horses were not trained especially for the purpose. France seems to have had the first blooded horse of which there is any record. The Byerly Turk was taken there from Turkey in 1620, but it was long years after that before there was what could be termed racing.

There were some men in England who made pretensions to scientific breeding, yet they knew but little compared with what is known now. Several Arabian horses were imported and they begat a sterling race when bred to the

gentle mares of the British isles. Among the earliest of these importations was a celebrated stallion known as Darley's Arabian, whose blood is yet to be found in the horses of this country and England and they are winning races day after day.

But the grandest of these Arabians, in my opinion, was Godolphin Arabian, and, in this connection, a pretty little story regarding the discovery of this wonderful animal occurs to me. I heard it when a boy. The pasha of Arabia desired to bestow a compliment on the king of France and he sent him a number of beautiful Arabian kings and queens of the desert. Among them was one of especial symmetry, but the French had lately been involved in a war and their thoughts were far from racing and such matters. Their entire attention was fixed on how to recover from the ravages of the war. In consequence, the Arabian horses were neglected. Finally the king ordered his grooms to sell the horses for anything they would bring.

The animals fell into the hands of traders and common people, who gave them no care, and gradually they declined until the horse in question drifted into the hands of a man who had a cart and hauled goods about the city of Paris. With every one of these horses sent to the king the pasha sent the groom that had had him in charge since he was foaled, and there was one poor fellow who had cared for this steed. He followed the carter about day after day, saw his beloved horse become blind, shaggy and ill looking, and his heart was touched to the very core.

But one day there came a change. A gentle Quaker was passing through the streets with his daughter and they saw the carter beating the Arabian horse mercilessly. The girl's sympathetic heart was touched, and she persuaded her father to purchase the poor animal and get it out of the hands of the cruel driver. The Quaker paid over the money and stood wondering what he was going to do with the horse.

At this juncture the Arabian groom approached and in a respectful manner told the story of the horse. He told of his love for the exile from the deserts of the spice-laden Araby the Happy and pleaded to be engaged to care for him. The daughter again interfered, and, woman like, she had her way. Soon the groom and the horse were comfort-

ably installed in the stable of the Quaker. With kind treatment and plenty to eat the horse began to round out and once more the graceful lines of symmetry were perceptible. Time passed and the cast-off Arabian horse became the most beautiful creature in that part of the city.

The Quaker's daughter went from time to time to see the horse and listen to the praises of the groom. Finally she became so impressed with the animal that she used him as her saddle horse. But all this time the spark of fire in the blood of the horse was being slowly revived, for all the cruel treatment he had received had not quite extinguished it. One day he was feeling particularly frisky and he threw his fair rider and badly injured her. This so enraged the Quaker that he had the groom thrown into prison.

The mother of Lord Godolphin, a celebrated English noble, was visiting in Paris, and, being a very charitable woman, she went with a number of other ladies to visit the prison. There she saw the poor Arab and listened pityingly to his story. Afterward she made an investigation and found that he had told her the exact truth. She saw the man again and he persuaded her to buy the horse from the Quaker. Then she sent both the horse and the groom to her son in England.

The groom knew so much about horses that he was placed in charge of the stables of his new master, and, while acting in this capacity, occurred the incident that caused his temporary downfall. On the stock farm was Roxanna, by the Ball Galloway, a great mare of the day, and the lord desired to breed her to Hobgoblin, a grand stallion he owned; but the mare would have nothing to do with the English stallion and seemed to care for no horse save the despised blind Arab. The groom thought there was no horse like the one from his own deserts and he permitted the mare to go into the embrace of the Arabian.

When Lord Godolphin learned of what had been done he was so enraged that he banished both the horse and the groom to a barren estate in Scotland. There the Arab built a small stone hut to shelter himself and the horse. For two years they lived there, and the Arab worked and procured food for both of them.

In course of time the mare delivered a foal. It was a

delicate little creature, but every day he grew more and more beautiful. There were no such lithe and sinewy limbs on any of the yearlings of the stable. There was no such gracefulness in every movement, and the attention of everybody was directed toward the offspring of the despised Arabian sire. At length he was trained and put into a race. His owner thought he was a beautiful creature, but he had no great hopes for him. But when he ran away from every thing in the race and won from the best stock of old England he became deeply interested. Race after race was won, and there soon came a time when this colt was considered the mightiest race horse that ever looked through a bridle. His name was Lath and his fame was widespread. Inquiries as to his breeding began to be made.

Then, for the first time, it occurred to Lord Godolphin that he had on his barren estate in Scotland probably the greatest sire ever known. He sent a special ambulance by a long and tortuous route into the Highlands, where the faithful groom and his charge were quartered, and they returned to the castle of the Godolphins in almost regal splendor. After that Godolphin the Arabian grew and increased in fame until a horse that did not have a strain of his blood in him was not considered a race horse at all. He so far overshadowed the other Arabians of his time that they became considered but of mediocre quality.

The blood of this mighty horse courses through the veins of all the best stock of America to-day and is the purest of the line that leads to the purple. One might go over the pedigrees of all the horses that are gaining distinction on the turf to-day and find that they finally lead back to the blind steed of the desert. He combined speed, endurance and gentleness in his makeup, all the essential points in a first-class thoroughbred.

The sportsmen of America were quick to see that this was a great horse, and it was not long until several of his sons and daughters found their way across the ocean and were quartered in the stables of the planters of the New World. Here they thrived and produced a race that inherited all the best traits of the illustrious sire.

The Byerly Turk was taken from France to England in about 1688 and was the founder of the famous Herod line.

The horse became the property of Sir George Byerly and was his charger during the battle of the Boyne. When the war was over Sir George took him back to England and placed him at the head of his breeding establishment. This is the line carefully traced: The Byerly Turk sired Jig, the latter Tartar, and then followed Partner, who sired Herod.

Selim was the sire of the Matchem line and was also owned in England. These three lines are the most famous the world has ever known, and all the great horses in Europe and America contain these crosses. Diomed, the winner of the first English Derby in 1780, had all three of the strains. Sir Archie (the American Godolphin), whom I regard as one of the greatest horses ever bred in America, was a son of Diomed. This horse sired Florizel; Florizel is the sire of the dam of Boston, and Boston sired Lexington, which shows in a few words the excellence of his blood.

However, this is a slight deviation. Old England, the mother of racing, had its grand race courses, its fine breeding establishments and its owners whose wealth justified them in indulging in the sport. They were true sportsmen, and there is nothing they would not have done to have improved upon the Arabian blood, had they but known how to have gone about it. But they soon had rivals in America.

The men of the New World began to study the science of breeding. They mated the Arabian stock to mares judiciously and made up for the defects of the latter in the virtues of the former. The result was that the class of the stock gradually increased and became better and better. Year after year saw an improvement in the American horses. The best men in the country became identified with breeding and they gave it the most careful attention.

But the Americans were not content with taking the best of the English sires. They invaded France and Austria, and finally imported a few Arabs themselves. In every instance they succeeded by their judicious management. Racing in the new world grew and flourished. Tracks were built at first like those in the old country, but then the Americans devised a plan by which the race at all its stages might be witnessed by the people and by which the horses would never be out of the sight of the man who had come to see the race. They built the first circular tracks and continued to improve upon them.

CHAPTER II.

Our Early Racing.

From the very arrival of the first thoroughbred in this country racing became popular. It was the chief recreation of the leisure class, and, though that class was exceedingly small in number, it was thoroughly enthusiastic, and, perhaps naturally, because of its smallness, contests took on the character of quasi-sectional rivalries. It was the North against the South, or Virginia against Maryland, or New York against South Carolina, and so on, for, as I have said, men who had the wealth and the leisure to indulge in this most fascinating of sports were few and far between in those days when our country was in that transition stage from a colony to a nation.

Up until within approximately a dozen years of the War of Independence there was no regularly constituted race track worthy even of those days. In 1763, for example, we find the celebrated horse Selim meeting and beating Dr. Hamilton's imported horse Dove and others at four miles, two miles out on the main road between Annapolis and Baltimore and return. Maryland always was a splendid racing colony, and letters in private collections tell of the great crowds that had gathered for the contest, traveling by horseback in some instances a week's journey to be present at the race.

In 1764 Selim again won a purse at Philadelphia, and about a year later beat True Britton over a regularly organized course at four miles and repeat in a match. In the October of 1767 he won a purse of 100 guineas at the same place, distancing three others. His superiority was so unchallenged that it was not an uncommon thing to find him barred. It was not until 1768 that he met his first defeat, his conqueror being the imported horse Figure.

In this connection it is pertinent to call attention to the fact that the worthy, time-honored course at Charleston, S. C., was the oldest well-organized course in the United States. It was not inaugurated until February 15, 1792, or nearly a quarter of a century after some had their existence in Penn-

sylvania. Let no reader misunderstand me; I pay reverent homage to the gentlemen sportsmen of the Palmetto State, but inexorable history gives the laurel for the establishment of organized courses in this country to the State of the gentle Quaker. More's the pity that in the years which followed the great commonwealth of William Penn permitted itself to be outstripped in the race for eminence in this noblest of all our sports.

It may be of interest to give a list of all the horses, especially the Arabians, imported into the United States before the Revolution. Accidentally omitted is Lindsey's Arabian, the only and first Arabian, ever imported into America up to or prior to the War of Independence. He was a gray, and commonly called "Lindsey's Arabian." He was landed in Connecticut in 1766, and was then four years old. His stock proved to be valuable, and many of his get were employed as cavalry horses in the army of the United States.

In the stud he was successful. He was the sire of General George Washington's Magnolia, Mr. Edelin's Tulip, Dr. Marshall's Hyder Ally, as well as a black horse belonging to Notly Young, and a gray which later found his way to Winchester, Virginia. In connection herewith, I recount a list of Arabians and Barbs which have been brought into the United States since the Revolution.

A horse and mare sent as a present by the Bey of Tunis through his Ambassador, Meli Melle, to Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States; pedigree unknown.

Arab Barb, a black, imported by Colonel Lear. He was large and strong, well proportioned, but not handsome. He was said to be sire of the dam of Fairfax.

Bagdad, purchased by George Barkly, Esq., of New York, from Hassana De Gris, Minister to England from Tripoli, who imported him into England as a horse of pure Arabian blood. He was afterwards purchased by a company in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1823.

Ballasteros, an Arabain, dark brown, who had been the property of Ferdinand, King of Spain. When the French army got possession of Madrid the stud belonging to the King of Spain was taken by the Spanish nobles, carried to Cadiz, and there sold. There Ballasteros became the property

of R. S. Hackley, our consul at that place, who afterwards disposed of him to Captain Singleton, of Philadelphia, who sold him to Thomas Guy, of Richmond (Broad Rock Co.), Va., in 1816.

Busora, an Arabian, imported in 1820 by the Messrs. Ogden, of New York.

The Jones, Arabian, foaled in 1820, a dapple gray, black legs, mane and tail, 15 hands high. He was purchased by Major Smith, an American consul at Tunis, who sold him to Commodore Jones, and by him was imported into this country in 1824. This horse ran at Gibraltar and performed well.

Selim, an Arabian gray, presented by the Murad Bey to General Sir R. Abercrombie. After the General's death he became the property of Commodore Barron, who afterwards sold him to go to Kentucky.

Winter's Arabian was captured as a yearling during the war of 1814 by the privateer Grampass, of Baltimore, Maryland. He was on board the brig Doris, one of His Majesty's transports, on her passage from Senegal to Portsmouth, England, and was intended as a present to the then Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth. The horse was sold, and purchased by E. J. Winter, member of Congress from New York. He was 14 hands 1 inch high. This horse crossed well with most of the Kentucky mares in his time.

John M. Clay's Rally, by imported Trustee. The dam of that good horse, Gerome Edger, was out of a Winter's Arab mare. She was also dam of Mat Davis and other good horses. Quite a number of his get were trained and performed well.

These are the principal Arabs and Barbs that came to this country prior to the date of the Independence and long subsequent to the same period. An important consignment came in the more recent years through the enterprise of that public-spirited gentleman, Mr. A. K. Richards, of Georgetown, Scott Co., Kentucky. Though well selected, they most signally failed to cross well with our best American brood mares. The best of their get was Transylvania, out of the famous mare Paytonia, by Glencoe, who became famous when she beat the great Northern ideal, Fashion,

four-mile heats, in a match for $20,000 a side, over the Union Course, Long Island, New York. While on this subject it may prove interesting to modern readers of turf matters of the past that I should recur to the origin of the conflicts of the turf between the North and South, which were more protracted than the Trojan War, though they were conducted in a manner highly honorable to all parties emulous not only to excel on the turf, but in the promotion of that good feeling best calculated to cement more strongly the bonds of our Union, as follows:

During the autumn campaign of 1823 Sir Charles, then six years old, having beaten all competitors in several races, a challenge was injudiciously made in the public press to run him against Eclipse, four-mile heats, the following May, on the Union Course, Long Island, or any Southern course, four-mile heats, for $5,000 or $10,000 a side, as might be preferred by Eclipse.

Eclipse was eight years old and had run but one race that season. The challenge was accepted and the larger sum named as most consonant with the fame of the two champions. Sir Charles proving amiss, half forfeit was paid, though in his unpromising situation a match on the spot was made to run them forthwith a dash of four miles for $15,000 a side. At the end of two miles Sir Charles broke down and Eclipse won almost without a contest.

Confidence now to the fullest extent being reposed in him, a match was made by John Stevens, of New York, with Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia, to run Eclipse four-mile heats the following May on the same Union Course against any competitor to be produced at the starting post for $20,000 a side, the rules of the Union Course to govern, which, from the relative weights, were known to be more unfavorable to young horses over the Northern tracks than the regular tracks of the South.

All others had then trained off in Virginia, partly from the severe mode of running three-year-olds, but in some measure as characteristic of her fashionable stock, at which time all horses dated their age from the first of May.

Thus, a horse foaled any time in the year 1819 would be considered four years old on the first day of May, 1823.

Eclipse was foaled at Dosoris, Queens County, Long

Island, New York, on the 25th of May, 1814, was reared by General Nathaniel Coles, the breeder, in whose possession he remained until the 15th day of March, 1819, when he changed hands and became the property of Mr. Van Ranst. He was sired by Durock; his dam was Miller's Damsal, by imported Messenger, grandam the English Pot-8-os Mare, imported when three years old in 1795 by William Constable, Esq., of New York. Pot-8-os was sired by English Eclipse, his great-grandam by Jim Crack, he by Cripple, and Cripple by Godolphin Arabian. This horse was as much of a success when turned to the stud as a brood horse as he was famous as a performer, when on the turf, meeting and defeating all the best horses at all distances of his day.

(Borrowed of Volume I, American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.)

A portrait accompanying this number of the celebrated racer and idol of the North, by name American Eclipse, was engraved by Du Rand and Wright, taken from the original painting, the property of Henry Hall, Esq., of New York, and was acknowledged by all good judges to be an excellent likeness. This horse was then 15 years old, a chestnut with a star and near hind foot white, was 15 hands 1 inch high, and possessed a large share of bone and muscle.

At the death of Sir Charles, Eclipse was purchased by some Southern gentlemen, to take his place, who had up to this time stood at the head of the list of successful stallions in the South, and in this capacity Eclipse continued to add to his fame.

At first in this country there were just the straight courses of England, and many a merry race was had in Governor Gary's Lane. It is said that General Washington once presided as judge at a race there, and that his decision was satisfactory to everybody. Thomas Jefferson, the father of Democracy, owned a race horse in those days. While there is no recorded instance of the horse having won any great races, he must have been victorious in some of them, for he sold for a big price. There were many great races of the olden times, and thousands of dollars were wagered and won and lost on the results, for the pioneers were sportsmen of the most noble and liberal type. If they fancied

the chances of one horse, they were willing to stake everything they possessed on him.

This is instanced in the story of one of the earliest of these contests. It occurred away back at a time when no record was kept of the matter save the barest details. In Cobb County, N. C., there lived a very rich family, and they had the best horse there was in the surrounding country. He was truly a handsome animal and had all sorts of speed, but he had not been trained. It was the proud boast that this animal could defeat any horse in the State, although the family would never for an instant have considered themselves turfmen. They boasted of his prowess on every occasion, and often they went to the grocery store kept by a canny Scot and spoke of what this horse could do in the way of running. Now, it happened that this Scot had just moved into the country and was not making much of an effort to get any trade. He did not seem to care whether business came to him or not. He was ready to take a drink, close up his business and have a good time, and everybody soon got to like him. He had a horse. His name was Trickem and he was by Janus, the own son of Godolphin the Arabian. But he did not let anybody know of the pedigree of his horse. He simply tried to "make himself a good fellow."

One day a scion of the rich family called at the store, somewhat under the influence of liquor, and resumed his boastings.

"I think my horse could beat him if it came to a race," said the storekeeper.

"Have you any money to bet on it?" asked the Southerner.

"I have some money," replied the Scotchman, "but there is hardly enough, and I will put up my store and bet it."

"Agreed," said the lad, and he went home and told his father, mother, sisters and brothers, who said he had acted properly under the circumstances. It was as much the Southern pride as anything, but, at the same time, they believed they had the race as good as won.

On the day following the Scotchman showed he was in earnest by having his stock appraised and put up in boxes ready for moving in case he lost. Then he sent for

the father of the family and asked him if the race was to be a bona fide thing. The latter promptly informed him with great dignity that he was responsible for anything his son had said. So the money was placed in the hands of the stakeholder and the time for the race arrived. The villagers almost to a man were wagering their money on the horse of the rich family, as they had seen him work and they thought he was the superior of any horse that ever trod a track.

A strange coincidence was that there immediately came an influx of strangers into the town, and they were all Scotchmen, and were introduced as relatives of the owner of Trickem. The time for the race came, and the horses went to the post. They got off to a good start, and Trickem at once took the lead and kept it all the way, never faltering for an instant, winning by more than a hundred yards. Now, when it is considered that the neighbors wagered negroes, farms, cotton and all they possessed on the result, some idea of the state of affairs that prevailed at this time may be gained.

The Scotchman had his goods already packed, and he lost no time in getting out of the country. He was never heard of afterward. Trickem may not have been a ringer and brought there for the sole purpose of winning this money, but the circumstances were against him. However, he was never heard of again, as far as there is any record. The advent of the Scotchman made that town poor for years and years.

An important race of these days was that between Charlotte Temple, Sussex, Rat Catcher and Red Rover. It was a post sweepstakes and took place over the Virginia course. Charlotte Temple was owned by Colonel William R. Johnson and she won the race in two straight heats. When it is remembered that thousands of dollars were bet on this race its importance is understood. Charlotte Temple was a full sister to the famous Gohanna.

There was a great race between Selim, Old England, Granby and Northumberland at Philadelphia in 1767. At the start Selim, the mighty, sped to the front and held the lead all the way around. The others could never come within striking distance of him. Old England was the near-

est contender, and he was a good horse, too, full of fire, speed and endurance. In the second heat Old England clung close to the flanks of the bay Selim and held there until the last quarter was reached. Then he flew the course and Selim came in and won as he pleased. A great deal of money changed hands on this race.

But there was scarcely a time in the history of the early days that there was not a contest of some kind between the North and South, and the natives of both sections backed their favorites with all they had. One of the prime factors in promoting these matches was Colonel William R. Johnson. He made probably more matches than any man alive and wagered more money on the results than the heaviest plungers of to-day are wont to do. In the whole history of the American turf there is probably no man who deserves more credit for what he has done in the way of promoting racing than Colonel William R. Johnson. But I have no desire at this time to eulogize this gentleman. In another part of this work I will speak of him at length and will give my impressions of him.

It was he who brought about the great race between Boston and Fashion, in which the latter won, and there is no notable match of this period in which he did not have a hand. He owned some of the grandest horses that ever set foot on a track, and as long as there is racing in the world the name of William R. Johnson will be remembered and respected.

In those days the distances were always long, and a horse had to have some bottom and staying qualities to win. Ariel was one of the greatest mares of her time. One of her noted races was run against the fleet-footed Flirtilla in October, 1830. It was over the Union course on Long Island for a purse of $20,000, three-mile heats. Both had great speed, and they had admirers from one ocean to the other. During the first mile of the first heat Flirtilla was kept far behind, according to instructions, although she fought for her head, but on the second mile she was turned loose and permitted to do what she could. She shot ahead, maintaining the lead until the last quarter was reached. Then Ariel stepped in and won.

The trainer of Flirtilla saw that the chance of the mare lay

in her getting away well, and he told the jockey to take her to the front at once. The boy did so, and she maintained the lead all the way around, wearing out her agile adversary. The third heat was a repetition of the preceding one. Flirtilla had tired Ariel, and she stepped out and won all the way without the slightest difficulty. In the last heat Flirtilla was about eighty yards to the good, and she did the work in 5:54.

Another remarkable race was that of Leviathan against Brimmer. The former carried 180 pounds and the latter 90 pounds. It was for a distance of five miles, and was run at Tappahannock, Virginia, in 1701. The lightly-weighted Brimmer, who was, by the way, fleet of foot and full of all kinds of speed and endurance, took the lead at the fall of the flag and held it all the way around to the last quarter. Then the bulky rider of Leviathan called on the son of The Flag of Truce and he responded nobly. He quickly closed the gap there was between them and forged to the front under the wire by a head. The Brimmer beaten on this occasion was not Colonel Goode's Brimmer, but another of the same name. Still he was a fast horse and deserves credit for the game race he ran, even though he had far the better of the impost.

On October 30, 1830, there was a celebrated race run at the Rocky Mount track in Virginia between Red Gauntlet, a famed horse, and Aratus. It was a famous race and was for $30,000 a side, two-mile heats. The owners of the two horses were mortal enemies, and each hoped the other would lose all his earthly possessions. They put up their money as long as they had anything to put up. Red Gauntlet took the lead at the start and held it all the way around to the last quarter, when Aratus challenged him. Then began the tug of war, and each boy whipped his horse until the blood flowed in a crimson stream down his sides. The sharp spurs worn in those days were dug deeply into the flesh, and they spared nothing to win. But, in spite of all the game Aratus could do, Red Gauntlet forged to the front when they were head and head and won by a short neck.

His owner was not discouraged and was just as game as when he had first had the blanket taken off his horse. He wagered at this juncture what he could borrow from his

friends. As before, Red Gauntlet got the better of the start, and they sped over the course with Aratus close behind. The boy had his instructions to let Red Gauntlet make the running to the last half and then to set him such a merry clip that he could not hold on. On and on they went, and when they arrived at the last half the rider of the sturdy Aratus plied whip and spur, but work hard as he could he was unable to get a bit more speed out of the animal. Aratus had done his best and was near the jumping off spot. On the other hand, Red Gauntlet was getting his second wind, as the saying is. His rider realized that the boy on Aratus was going to make a mighty effort to win about the time he did so, and he also applied whip and spur. Red Gauntlet shot ahead and won by seventy or eighty yards. This race ruined several of the best families of that time in the South, and it will never be forgotten by their descendants.

CHAPTER III.

Some Great Races.

There was probably no race ever run in the history of the country that attracted as much attention as did that between Wagner and Grey Eagle in 1839. As in all the other great races, it was between the North and the South, and these two sections were arrayed against each other in the betting.

Grey Eagle was a four-year-old gray horse by Woodpecker out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, and was owned by A. L. Shotwell, of Kentucky. Wagner was a five-year-old chestnut horse by Sir Charles out of Maria West, by Marion, and was owned by John Campbell, of Maryland.

The race took place at Louisville and was run over the old Oakland course. Stephen Welch, a white boy, had the mount on Grey Eagle, while Cato, a little black negro bestrode the Maryland horse. Wagner won the first heat, shaking off Grey Eagle on the last turn. Up to that time it was thought by the Kentuckians that the gray horse had a chance.

The next and deciding heat was won by Wagner, after one of the grandest battles ever fought. All the way around Grey Eagle led, with Wagner hanging on closely. First one surged ahead and then the other. The result was always in doubt, but Wagner finally won by a neck. The time was 7:48 and 7:44.

Thad Stevens won a four-mile-race in California from True Blue and several others. It attracted some attention in the West at the time, from the fact that it was thought to have been an unfair one. The other horses were thought to have been pulled.

Boston and Fashion ran a four-mile race over the Union Course at Long Island in 1842, in which Fashion won. The race was hotly contested, but Fashion was first in both heats.

Rudolph and Angora raced over the old Oakland track at Louisville in a match, and the former was easily the victor. Considerable money was wagered on the result, and the

match attracted some attention, as it was considered a contest between Kentucky and Tennessee. Rudolph represented Kentucky and Angora stood for the honor of Tennessee.

Probably the last great race of all the long distance contests was that between Ten Broeck and Mollie McCarthy. It took place at Churchill Downs on July 4, 1878, and resulted in a victory for the former. Ten Broeck was owned by Frank B. Harper and was by imp. Phaeton out of Fanny Holton, by Lexington. He was bred in Kentucky and carried the colors of the grand old commonwealth, as Kentuckians are wont to designate their state. Mollie McCarthy was owned in California, but she was bred in Tennessee. A match was arranged between them for $20,000 a side, and a special train brought Mollie McCarthy and a thousand Californians to "the dark and bloody ground." The Kentuckians were loyal to the great son of Phaeton and wagered everything they had on the result. But the people from the Golden Gate were said to have brought fortunes with them for the purpose of betting, and they quickly covered every wager.

Ten Broeck took the lead from the start, but Walker, his rider, was a diplomat and he did not race his horse out at the very outset and exhaust his speed. He rated him along for the first three miles nicely, always leaving Mollie close behind. When the finish came Ten Broeck was first under the wire, but the game California mare was not far away. Then when the concluding heat came it was apparent that the Californian was fast tiring, and Harper gave instructions to set a clip that would end the matter, for he was positive that his horse had the bottom that the mare lacked.

Around the course flew the mighty Ten Broeck. Three times the circle was made and Mollie was staggering.

"One thousand even that Mollie does not pass under the wire again," yelled Yankee Bligh, the greatest detective the South ever knew.

"Done," said a patriotic Californian, and the money was put up in the hands of Major William Owens, who, by the way, was afterward a noted detective of Louisville and the South.

Mollie was staggering. Her race was nearly run. At

the three-quarters she came to a dead standstill and Ten Broeck romped in a winner. The mare was led over to the stable, and for several hours a veterinary worked with her before he was able to say her life was saved.

The great race run by Lexington at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1853, should not be omitted while we are on the subject. In the Phoenix Hotel stakes he met Vandal, Garret Davis, Wild Irishman, Madonna, Fannie Fern and others of similar class. He won the first heat easily. Before the next heat he ran off and ran one and three-quarter miles, but, in spite of this mishap, he stepped in and won the succeeding heat. The importance of this race will be understood when it is known that every one of the other horses engaged in the contest afterward was distinguished as a race horse.

During the same week Lexington met Midway and defeated her in two straight heats. Afterward he was purchased by Captain William Viley, Richard Ten Broeck and Junius Ward. They sent him to New Orleans, where he won the State Stakes from Le Compte, Highlander and Rube. He was afterward beaten by Le Compte, because he was pulled up at the end of three miles by the jockey through a mistake. Le Compte went on and opened a big gap. Lexington was unable to make it up later. This heat was run in 7:26, the best that had ever been run up to this time.

In the following year T. W. Doswell, through John Minor Botts, bet $20,000 with Richard Ten Broeck that his horse Lexington could not beat 7:26, the time in which he had been beaten by Le Compte. Mr. Ten Broeck won his wager, and his horse covered the distance in 7:19¾. Four horses were started with him to regulate the pace, one in each mile. Men with flags were stationed at each quarter pole around the track to show the jockey just how fast he was going and how to limit the pace.

A reason why the merits of this horse have been discussed at such length is that he was equally successful in the stud. All the great Leamingtons, with the exception of Longfellow and Rhadamanthus, were out of Lexington mares. Aristides, Enquirer, Hyder Ali, Nettie Norton and a host of others assisted in perpetuating the fame of the great

Lexington. All this goes to show that the Lexington mares bred to Leamington are responsible to a marked extent for the latter's success in the stud.

A thrilling episode of the early turf days, and one not so far back but there will be many who will also remember it, and there are perhaps many who were present and witnessed the occurrence, as I did, occurs. Prince McGrath was as game and honorable a turfman as there was anywhere. He owned Aristides, known as "the little red horse," the winner of the first Kentucky Derby. Of course, Harper thought Ten Broeck was the fastest horse that ever set foot on a track, and, although he never made a wager of any kind, depending solely on the purses and stakes he won for his profit, he was always ready to race his horse.

While Aristides had won the Derby, he was considered no match for the mighty Ten Broeck, and the people, as a general thing, thought Ten Broeck had the race arranged between them at his mercy. It was for two and five-eighths miles and was over the old Lexington track. The beauty and chivalry of the fair Bluegrass section was gathered there to witness the race. There were bookmakers in plenty on the grounds ready to take the money of those who desired to wager. But Price McGrath mounted a box and shouted to the people:

"Come on if you want to bet against my horse. I will take all your money and give you the same odds the bookies offer. You will lose what you bet anyhow. You might as well give it to a neighbor whom you all know. Come on; don't be afraid. I am here ready for business. You know me. You know I can pay and that I will do it. Give me your money. I need it."

He had on a long linen duster with great big pockets, and soon they were bulging with money. He took it in with both hands. Each man kept his own account. McGrath gave out no tickets and depended upon the honor of the bettors to keep a correct account, for everybody was honest in those days and racing had not become the gambling game that it is now. Men told the truth and trickery was unknown.

They were at the post. Bobby Swim had the mount on the little red horse and Billy Walker, a negro jockey, who

afterward became a well-known owner and trainer, bestrode Ten Broeck. In fact, the negro jockey always rode Ten Broeck and made all his records, for Harper set great store by his sable-hued rider.

At the end of each mile Aristides led, and finally he came on and won handily. And in the mighty shout that followed his victory over the supposedly invincible Ten Broeck there was no voice that was half so loud as that of McGrath. Had he had to pay out the money that was wagered against his horse's chances he would have been poverty stricken and would never have been able to get on his feet again. But that night there was many a sparkling bottle of champagne opened and there was much merrymaking in consequence of the victory of Aristides.

The race between Gray Medoc, Altorf and Denizen was a thrilling contest. It took place on the Louisiana course, April 4, 1841, and thousands of people from all parts of the country were present and saw it. Enthusiasm was at its highest pitch, for all the contenders had hosts of admirers. The conditions were for four-mile heats for a Jockey Club Purse of $1,000, and it had been advertised from one end of the country to the other.

The entries were Mr. John Campbell's Altorf (he owned the celebrated Wagner and Glovina), trained by Watson and Vanleer; Mr. Boardman's Denizen, temporarily in the stable of Camp & Blevins, and Messrs. Kenner's Grey Medoc, trained by Washington Graves. Grey Medoc was well known as one of the fastest horses on the turf, and was in condition to run for a man's life. He was backed freely at 3 and 4 to 1 against the field. Altorf, a capital performer in Virginia, where $10,000 was paid for him, had lost ground since his arrival in the South from having run several races while out of order. He had lately arrived, too, from Mobile, and suffered much from a stormy passage across the lake, as also had Denizen.

Grey Medoc's trainer had frequently assured me that he was as game as any horse he ever trained, not excepting the fleet Luda. Just think of his running a heat in 7:35 and his eighth mile in 1:48, and a third heat of four miles in 7:42. Had the reader seen him come along up the quarter stretch at the close of his sixteenth mile—so gallantly and so beauti-

fully, his high spirit unsubdued, with crest erect and dilated nostrils—and observed his proud bearing and flashing eyes, he might have termed this equine prodigy the wraith of the matchless Bucephalus, the pride of Alexander the Great of Macedonia. Truly he was a picture, such as is sufficient at any time to gladden the heart of every true lover of the turf and its horses.

The first heat was a dead one between Grey Medoc and Altorf; time, 7:35. In the second heat there was also a struggle between these two monarchs of the land of racing—Grey Medoc and Altorf—but the latter won by less than a head; time, 8:19.

But Altorf was tiring and in the third trial Grey Medoc easily beat Altorf, although it is said the latter was laying up and not trying for this heat, leaving it to the other two. The time was 7:42.

The result of this heat entitled but two to start for the fourth heat, Denizen being declared distanced for not having won a heat in three. He was withdrawn and sent to the stable, to the regret of every one.

But Grey Medoc and Altorf were apparently fresh and full of fire. They were off together, running easily side by side for the two first miles; but Grey Medoc was seemingly winning easily. Then there came a hush over the vast assemblage. Altorf, who had made such a gallant struggle, had run his race. He was poor in flesh and he could not stand the awful strain. Lawson, the rider of Altorf, plied whip and spur and urged the splendid animal to his utmost. But his bolt had been shot and Grey Medoc was his master. John Ford, who had the mount on Grey Medoc, made a masterful effort. It was due to his skill and management of the horse under him that enabled him to win, and the public seemed to feel this fact. Chiffeny and Robertson could have done no better, and this piece of work stamped him as their equal.

Coming out of the grand stand Ford was met by hundreds of people who had wagered their money on Grey Medoc, and they filled his hat with bank notes. There were seven or eight thousand dollars in the pile when he made his way home. In those days owners divided the purse with the trainer and the stable boys. The race was the talk of the

whole country for weeks. Some questioned the accuracy of the distance of the track, and it was decided to have a careful measurement made by the civil engineer of the State. This was done the next day and the track was found to be something over a mile, as the certificate showed.

A great twenty-mile race took place over the Union Course at Long Island, and was won by Black Maria, who defeated Trifle, Lady Relief and Slim; the former was by Eclipse and the latter by Sir Charles' Relief, also by Eclipse. The great Slim, by Flying Childers, was also in the race, and it was a battle royal. Trifle was made the favorite. Black Maria's chances were thought lightly of, and she had few admirers. It was a struggle between the North and South.

At the post Black Maria stood as motionless as a statue. She was perfectly cool and not in the least excited. It then began to be whispered about that she had a chance. They got off well together, Lady Relief taking the lead, with Slim close up. Trifle was next and Black Maria was absolutely last. It was apparent from the start that a waiting race was being run by all the riders, and that the winner was hardly likely to turn up until in the last turn of the heat.

Black Maria moved up rapidly at the end of the second mile and took the lead, closely pressed by Trifle. Thus it was during the third mile. When about half the distance had been gone over in the fourth mile Trifle moved up and took the lead. She seemed to have it won until the last sixteenth. At this juncture the rider of Black Maria called on her and she responded nobly. Like a flash she shot past the fleet-footed Trifle and passed under the wire a winner. The time was 8:06.

Trifle was still the favorite when the horses came to the post for the second heat, but the owner of the sable-hued mare bet everything he had on her chances. Lady Relief got off in front, with Slim second, Trifle third and Black Maria last. At the end of the mile Trifle took the lead. Slim quit in the third circuit and refused to run any further. By this time Black Maria had moved up from the rear and took the lead. At the last turn the boy on Black Maria turned to look back to see where Trifle was, and the latter, close behind, the result was a dead heat. But Black Maria was not

at all distressed, and seemed as chipper as when she had been led out for the start.

Trifle took the lead for the third heat, with Lady Relief second and Black Maria, as usual, last. The black mare had got such a bad start, though, that she could not catch up, and Trifle won, though hard pressed by Lady Relief.

Lady Relief got the best of the start for the fourth heat, with Trifle second and Black Maria last. Three miles were gone over in this way without a change of positions, and Lady Relief seemed to have won. Then Black Maria was urged, and she shot toward the front. Relief won by a neck, and sixteen miles had been run by the game thoroughbreds.

At the start for the fifth heat Lady Relief was in front, Trifle second and Black Maria last. Trifle gave it up at the end of the nineteenth mile. Lady Relief was leading when the two contenders galloped into the stretch, but Black Maria was moving up. Now they were neck and neck, each boy riding like a demon. Slowly but surely the black mare drew away from her game antagonist, and finally passed under the wire a winner amid the plaudits of a great crowd.

It was certainly a grand race, and illustrated beyond a doubt that Black Maria was one of the grandest mares the country has ever produced. At the conclusion of the twentieth mile she was not "all out" by any means, and could have done another heat with ease.

There have been many dead heats run on the race tracks of the world, but there was never one so great as that between Life Boat, Elakim and Prioress for the Czarowitch Stakes in 1856. Life Boat and Elakim were bred and owned in England and Prioress was the property of Richard Ten Broeck, of Kentucky.

The three horses finished under the wire so closely together that the judges were unable to determine which had won. Another heat resulted in a victory for the American mare.

Prioress was by sovereign, out of Reel, and was bred by Jefferson Wells, of Louisiana. Life Boat went into the race as a red hot favorite and the Britishers bet their money on his chances eagerly. The second choice was Elakim, and the American daughter of the great Reel was scoffed at by all save the few Americans who happened to be

present. A certain pride of nativity made them put down their dollars on the mare that carried the colors of the land over which the eagle screams and the motto of which says "Hustle."

The British taunted the Americans and then out came dollars from yarn socks and every hiding place, showing that the spirit of '76 was not only not dead, but was not even sleeping. Mr. Ten Broeck, who was a man with an immense amount of nerve, fairly poured the gold into the ring on his brown mare.

It was and anxious crowd that watched that race from the grand stand, but Mr. Ten Broeck never for a moment faltered in his allegiance to his mare.

"She will win," he said firmly, and his friends believed him.

At the drop of the flag away flew the American mare, setting a furious pace. Old timers fairly held their breath and said no horse ever bred could stand such speed for any length of time. The two English horses were doing their best, but the gap gradually widened between them and the flying leader, who showed not the slightest sign of faltering. Indeed, she seemed to gain fresh strength with each fling forward of her lithe and silken-covered form. Life Boat stagered. His tail went up in the air. His race was run. Elakim, with the sturdy tenacity of his Arabian sires, clung on. But there was a limit to endurance. Elakim reached it. His struggle was ended. He could battle no more. Both horses, beaten, dropped back in the ruck, and for the remainder of the distance the twinkling heels of swift Prioress danced in their faces.

Dismay filled the English hearts, and a shout went up from the little colony of Americans such as one only hears on the Fourth of July here at home.

Thousands of English sovereigns were rapidly changed into American dollars, and Admiral Rouse, who was the judge, said Prioress was the best game animal of the year in the whole world.

Of course, the great dead heat between Domino and Henry of Navarre was the greatest one of the kind ever run in America, and it is still fresh in the public mind.

Another was the dead heat between D'Artagnan and Ozark, the brown son of Pat Maloy and imp. Sunny South, which was run at Saratoga. It attracted attention everywhere on the face of the earth where the people are interested in the development of the thoroughbred.

Of the many sensational races which have been run in America during the last twenty-five years, none has given more general interest and concern than the great dead heat for the Saratoga Cup between Preakness and Springbock. When in the same race such brilliant performers as Grinsted, Wild Idle, Olitipa and Ruthiford were left to struggle so far in the rear, the time, 3m. 56¼s., was a record breaker, and remains the record up to this day. Another one of the most noted races which has taken place during the last twenty-five or thirty years on the American turf was the great struggle in the dead heat at Sheepshead Bay between those two giants of the turf, Dobins and Domino. There probably never was any race that took place in the vicinity of New York which created such local interest and enthusiasm as this one. The two memorable victories of the great Monochist over the celebrated Harry Bassett, there and then again in a few days, four miles, were very popular local victories, which came like an unexpected avalanche upon the betting public, but not so his trainer or his owner.

One of the greatest races, especially over a distance of ground, was the four-mile heat race which took place over the Sheepshead Bay track and was between Fereader, Glenmore and some other whose name I don't recall at this time, and was won by Fereader in the best time ever made by any mare in the world, 7m. 23s. The great struggles between Harry Bassett and the great Longfellow for the Monmouth Park Cup and the Saratoga Cup, in which they alternated successes, Longfellow winning and beating Bassett at Monmouth Park, and Bassett in turn beating Longfellow for the Saratoga Cup the same season. In this last race Longfellow pulled up lame and was never trained afterwards, but was consigned to the stud, where he greatly distinguished himself through his progeny. Another amongst the greatest races that ever took place at any time or place in America, in my humble opinion, and this opinion was shared by the two gentlemen who owned the horses

between which the race occurred—this was the race between Prince Leafe and Ben Brush, 1½ miles, 128 lbs. up, in 2m. 34s., track actually heavy. In talking over the race the following day, both Mr. Michael Dwyer and Byron McClelland agreed that it was by all odds the best race that either had ever seen run, Mr. Dwyer remarking that he believed that the race in question would have won any English Derby that had ever taken place. At that moment he remarked: "I have nobody to blame but myself; though I ran the best horse and lost, and lost my money also, I fully agree with them that unless the race run by Scisonby last fall, 2¼ miles, over the Sheepshead Bay track, was as good, or perhaps better, I never saw any other as good."

Another of the great races that made an epoch on the American turf close to the middle of the 19th century took place over the Woodlawn Course, near Louisville, Kentucky, the contestants in this race being Molly Jackson, by Vandal, out of Emily Right, by imported Margrave, and Colton, by Lexington, dam Topaze by imported Glenco; Sherod, by Lecompt, dam the famous Picayune, by Medock; and although one of the fastest races ever run in the world, at the distance, even up to this day, and won at three heats by Molly Jackson, the first heat won by Molly Jackson in 5m. 35½s., Colton second, Sherod third and Betty Ward last in this heat. The second heat was won by Sherod, who led Molly Jackson by half a length, Colton third, time 5:34¾; the third heat was lost to Molly Jackson by Mer Clay's horse Colton making a most palpable foul on Sherod, by carrying him clean out to the outside fence as Sherod started to make his run at the head of the last stretch, causing Sherod to lose at least five or six lengths, which he had to make up in less than a quarter of a mile, and was only beaten a neck on the post in fastest heat, less three-quarters of a second, which had been made in California by Norfolk, when he ran three miles in 5m. 27¾s., this third heat won by Molly in 5:28¾. It was evident that Sherod was the best horse inthis race and should have won but for Colton's interference at the head of the stretch, which won the race for Mollie Jackson, beating Sherod only a neck on the post with Bettie Ward third; the last or ninth mile of this remarkable race was run in 1m. 48s., and the heat in 5m. 28¾s.

Of the great fillies bred and raced on the American turf during the last fifty years, if not during any age of the American turf, there is not one who stands higher and justly so than does that little prodigy, Firenze. She beat all of the best race horses of her day, and was to the turf, as a mare, just what Salvator was as a horse. Firenze was by Glenelge, out of Florida, and was foaled in 1884 at the Elmendorf Stud, near Lexington, Kentucky. A list of her victories during the seven years that she was on the turf would include all of the great prizes. She met and defeated Hanover, The Bard, Exile, Tenny and other noted kings and queens of the turf. Some of her most noted achievements were the winning of the Harvest Handicap, the Monmouth Cup and the Monmouth Handicap in 1888, the Handicap Sweepstakes at Monmouth in 1889.

Salina, the dam of Salvator, was a good race mare and granddaughter of the famous mare Levity, by imported Trustee. In his Levity strains Salvator had some of the bluest blood and the most highly prized in this country. In 1889 he won all of the choicest prizes that are set apart for three-year-olds, except the Omnibus Stakes. In 1890 he reached the height of his glory; that year was the scene of the fierce struggle with Tenny; he won the Suburban in 2m. 6 4-5s., the best time that had yet been recorded for the event. His achievement was not a surprise, for he was a prime favorite in the betting. Tenny ran third in this race, which led to the special match between the two that came off a week later, Salvator again defeating his opponent. In August of that same year he ran his great mile for a purse against the record, 1m. 39¼s.; this race was run at the Monmouth Park, and the time which the peerless son of Prince Charley put up, 1m. 35½s., has remained the record, unchallenged, ever since. The same year he won the Titan stakes, the Jersey Handicap, the September stakes and other important events. After his retirement from the turf he stood at Mr. J. B. Haggin's Rancho Del Paso Stud.

CHAPTER IV.

Origin of Steeplechasing.

The origin of steeplechasing is absolutely a creature of Irish adventure. The Irish gentlemen, who were not only fond of following the hounds, but reveled in every feature of the chase, some one hundred and twenty-five years ago, not altogether satisfied with taking the ditches, streamlets and hedges, concluded to introduce the taking of six-foot stiff timbers as a better test of man's art in the pigskin and likewise his moral courage and nerve. Although many a gallant fellow, in taking these jumps, was involuntarily dismounted and sometimes carried home with sore shoulders, or sprained legs or arms, nevertheless this was kept up for several years, to the delectation and amusement of all classes.

In about the year 1735 they began cross-country racing, and thence about this time they also began to give small prizes under the auspices of hurdle racing, and this was soon indorsed by all of the Irish nobility and countenanced by every class of citizens. It was of but short duration before it resolved itself in the estimation of this sport-loving people as the greatest out-door recreation known to man; and as every turf student well knows that no people on the earth has a higher estimate of the thoroughbred horse and has done as much to encourage and foster every class of racing, yet with them steeplechase racing held high carnival in the hearts of this people, even in the days when they had their greatest flat racers, such, for instance, as their Harkaways, Economist, old Fogaballa, etc., this style of racing held its popularity supreme over other sports, and does yet.

About eighty years ago a great match race took place and was run in the public road, which was chained and measured; the distance was five miles and terminated at a point known in Ireland as "The Red Church." The stakes were for $5,000 a side and was won by a horse called Peter Maning. Over this match excitement was carried

clean into England, and many thousand pounds were won and lost on this contest. The race was well contested all of the way over eight hurdles, until the last one, when one of the contestants fell, dislocated a shoulder, and was destroyed in consequence. This race gave rise, or inspired, so it is said, steeplechasing and hurdle racing in England, where ever since it has been conducted on the scale of magnificence, to the delight of all patrons and the nobility of Europe; even King Edward often has a horse entered in the race to give character and to add to its zest.

About fifty-three years ago Mr. R. A. Alexander conceived the idea and undertook to encourage hurdle racing in America, and he, being a grand man, who did everything in a grand way, commenced it it in the right way. At first he employed Bill Jennings as both jockey and trainer, with Brown Dick, or Edward Brown, and Harvey Welch as his assistant riders or steeplechase and hurdle jockies, but, best of all, from the very start, he sent good cattle into the field, and the result was both a popular and grand success. This is the class of men that make a success in all enterprises; they bring light out of chaos.

Mr. Robert A. Alexander's career as a turfman was not long lived, but oh, what a brilliant and beneficent one it was, and what a valuable adjunct the breeding world and turf lost when the grim reaper of death called him to doff his hat. Just suppose he could have been spared to have lived so he could have vied in the best interest of the American turf with such men as William C. Whitney, August Belmont, James R. Keene and other noted leaders of the American turf to-day. It only remains for a few of these latter gentlemen to identify themselves with hurdle racing to bring it up to that high pitch it so justly deserves as a novel and grand sport. With the great number of thoroughbreds we are breeding in this country annually, we should find no difficulty in soon producing the winner of the Grand Metropolitan Handicap Steeplechase in England. Join hands and hearts and let's see if we can't go over and show John Bull the way to lay the rail and that we are the only people who can stay on it after it is laid. All that is needed to do so is to breed a few more Rosebens, learn them to take the jumps, then keep them under cover prop-

erly and land in old England some congenial morning and shake hands with English gentry and get a mortgage on the British Islands. The thing can be done. This is from an optimistic standpoint and I must confess that I have yet to hear of a man that expects to hit the moon by shooting downward instead of upward.

CHAPTER V.

The Strain of Blood.

There are hundreds of other races that have a claim to distinction, but lack of space forbids their mention. These, however, are given simply to show to what illustrious lineage the horses of to-day are able to point when they are actually bred in the purple. It is my intention to endeavor to illustrate as far as possible why a man makes a mistake in not buying a good horse, instead of one of mediocre ability, when he concludes to embark in racing as a business.

I have tried to show where the best strains of blood lie and for what the horses mentioned were especially noted. In following me through this work the reader will readily comprehend why certain crosses in breeding are essential to produce speed and endurance. On the other hand, it may be urged that the celebrated Brown Kitty, Picayune, Minerva Anderson, Black Sophia and others were not thoroughbreds. Brown Kitty had no breeding, with the exception of one cross by Birmingham, being out of George Thomas' quarter mare Kit, who, although bred to Glencoe, Imported Trustee and other of the best stallions of Kentucky, was never able to produce a foal of any consequence.

Picayune had three crosses on her dam's side, but they were good. She was bred by Ben Jenkins. She gave to the world Ha'penny, Miss Belle, Doubloon, Florin, Louis d'Or, Ducatoon, Lindora, Dime, Sherrod and others.

Minerva Anderson was not of the quality. She brought forth Mariam, who was the dam of Magenta, who in turn was the dam of the Duke of Magenta. Mariam had no claim to distinction regarding her parentage. She, in my opinion, proved to be one of the best brood mares up to the present time.

Black Sophia, by Topgallant, was the dam of Sarah Bladen, Bob Sarden and a host of other performers of note on the turf.

Still, with all this evidence, I contend that it is better to own a horse actually in the purple than one of obscure

origin, for blood will tell. Breeding is a lottery. We see every year men giving thousands of dollars for the grandest horses of Europe and the Orient, and often when they bring them to this country they are never able to get anything worthy of notice. The hardy characteristics, good temper and fine feeding properties must be obtained.

Why did Glencoe succeed so admirably? The answer is the only one that can be given: He was crossed on our game, hardy Medoc, Wagner, Bertrand and Sumpter mares.

The reason so much nervous temperament is discernible in the horse of this day, compared with the horse of former years, is because we are getting so far away from these level-headed mares. We must breed scientifically and give the matter the deepest thought. And in this connection it will not be out of place to mention some of the famous regally bred matrons who have founded families that attained distinction.

Let us begin with the case of Maria Black. She was by Filho-da-puta, and was a winner at all distances. She left a progeny that became famous. Her first colt was John Black, by Imported Trustee. He was a good, consistent performer. Her next foal was Sallie Waters, by Glencoe. She was a grand mare, and was matched against Lexington for $5,000 in three-mile heats, but, of course, she could not beat the blind hero. Then she foaled Hebron, by Lexington, and he was sent to England; Bay Flower, Bay Water, Bay Final, Preakness and Bayonet, all by Lexington, and all of whom were well-known performers. But the principal claim to distinction of this mare was through her daughter Oak Leaf, by Imported Yorkshire. Several of the foals of Oak Leaf were sent to England and were winners over there.

Mary Morris, by Medoc, dam Miss Obstinate or The Mule, by Sumpter, was a great mare. She produced Wild Irishman and Frankfort, by Imported Glencoe. One of her daughters was Kitty Clark, by Glencoe, who produced Maiden, by Lexington, who in turn produced Parole, Pawnee, James A. and others. Another was La Henderson, who produced the Great Fereda and Aella. The former was the best filly in America of her years and has to her credit the fastest and best heat at four miles ever run by any mare in the world. It was done at the Sheepshead Bay

track when she beat Glenmore. The author was present and timed this race. Alone this race would have made her famous and also brought glory to Mary Morris. Then there was Parole, the fastest two- and three-year-old of his years in America. He won the Suburban Handicap in England, in which he met and defeated Isonomy, the best horse of the period.

Now comes Maria Grey, by Robin Grey, who is the source of the Vandal family. Colonel Milt Young, the well-known Kentuckian and turf authority, believes after careful investigation that no other family of horses ever produced so many celebrities at all distances. Maria Grey was the dam of Rowena, by Sumpter, who was the grandam of Lexington and great-grandam of Vandal. Of this famous family were Black Nose, Alaric, Carlotta, Ruric, Stamps, Barney Williams, Katie Pierce, Grinstead, Volante, Salvator and hundreds of others.

Another great mare was Brittania IV, by Muley, own sister to that great horse Muley Moloch, out of Nancy Longwaist, by Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, by O'Kelley's Eclipse. She produced Verifier, by Imported Belshazzer, Vandyke, La Variation, Voucher and others, nearly all of whom were great performers. It must be remembered that there were two Brittanias. This one was by Muley. The other was by The Flying Dutchman, who was the dam of Madame Dudley, Brigand and The Crown Prince. The latter was so promising as a two-year-old that he was taken to England, and was highly thought of for the English Derby. The Brittania by The Flying Dutchman was a great mare, but she was short lived and had but few foals. She was brought to this country by the Importing Company of Kentucky. I have been thus explicit in order to avoid confusion.

Probably the best brood mare that ever lived was Picayune, out of Sallie Howe, by William of Transport, considering the injudicious manner in which she was bred. Her first foal was Ponette, by The Poney, and the latter was by Leviathan. Her next foal was Ha'penny, by Birmingham, a well-bred stallion, who sired Brown Kitty and then got no more that proved of any consequence. Brown Kitty met and defeated Verifier at two miles. Ha'penny, the year

she was a three-year-old, at New Orleans, met and defeated Jerry Lancaster, Red Rover and Mary Waller, at four-mile heats, in three heats over the Metaire course. Picayune's next foal was the fleet little Miss Belle, by Frank.

Her next foal was Doubloon, by Imported Margrave. This was one of the best race horses of any time and any country. Then came Florin, a full brother to Doubloon. Duncan Kenner and his trainer, Wash Graves, thought Florin was the best horse ever bred in America. The winter he was five years old they started him fourteen times. He won thirteen races. He started in the fourteenth and won the first heat from Charmer and Bettie Oliver. Then he dropped down and died on the track before the time to start for the second heat. He had ruptured a blood vessel.

The next foal of Picayune was Louis d'Orr, by Imported Sarpedon. Caroline, by Yorkshire, followed. This filly was crippled on an ice pond as a yearling and was never trained. However, she proved a good brood mare. Then came to Picayune Moidore, by Imported Yorkshire, an animal of some note. About this time Lindora, by Lexington, put in an appearance. She was a good race mare. The next foal was Sherrod, by Le Compte, one of the best race horses of the country. A full brother to Lindora was sold to Judge John Hunter, of Mobile, Ala., and was trained as a two-year-old. But the Civil War broke out and the colt was stolen and was never heard of again. He is supposed to have been ridden away by a bushwhacker from one of the armies.

Picayune went to the stud twenty-three times and brought forth twenty-two live colts. She died in foal to Uncle Vic.

The great Reel, by Imported Glencoe, out of Imported Galopade, by Catton, was bred by Jeff Wells, of Louisiana, and was one of the best race mares of her day. She was equally as distinguished as a brood mare, having produced Le Compte, by Boston (the only horse that ever beat Lexington), Stark, Prioress, Ann Dunn, Uncle Jeff, Calvert and Capt. Elgie, all of whom were winners, some of them in England.

Magnolia, by Glencoe, dam Imported Myrtle, by English Marma Luke, enjoyed distinction. She produced the

three great brothers, Kentucky, Daniel Boones, and Gilroy, Skeedaddle, Princeton, Magic, Madonna, Sly Boots and others.

Then it will not do to overlook Sarah Washington, by Garrison's Zinganee, who produced Nat Pope, by Pamonky; Inspector, by Boston; Sue Washington, by Revenue; Fannie Washington, by Revenue, and Ninnette, by Imported Eclipse. The breeders of Virginia considered Sarah Washington the best brood mare of her day.

In closing I will mention Blinky, by Muckle John, who produced Josh, Bob Snell, The Dutchman, Shavetail, Viley and Little Flea, all by Grey Eagle, the son of Woodpecker and grand-uncle of the great Hanover.

In spite of the claim made by the English that their horses are the best bred in the world, I contend that the grandest horses the world has ever known first saw the light in America and that their blood is that of Sir Archie and his descendants, commingled with that of Glencoe.

Sir Archie was by Diomed, out of Castiamra, by Rockingham. The best of his get was Timoleon, who got Boston, and the latter got Lexington. Sir Archie also got Sumpter, who left a race of daughters that perpetuated his fame; Bertrand, who was a grand race horse and left a famous race of broodmares; Sir Charles, the sire of Wagner and Bonnets of Blue; Sir William of Transport, whose daughters are well known to fame, and a multitude of others, nearly all of whom achieved greatness on the turf.

The Sumpter mares have produced the best horses in the world by all classes of stallions, among which might be mentioned Rowena, grandam of Lexington; Cherry Elliott, dam of Tangent; Yarrico, dam of Nannie Rhodes; Ann Mary, dam of Cub and grandam of Wild Irishman, Frankfort, Fanny Fern and Fannie Campbell. The Bertrand mares got such notables as Blue Bonnet, Lightning, Lodestone, Thunder, Little Arthur, who trace back on their maternal side to Gray Fannie; Queen Mary, dam of Red Eye the First; Quiz, dam of Nantura, grandam of Longfellow and great-grandam of Ten Broeck; Isola, dam of Olio, and Miss Chester.

The Medoc mares trace back to this source of blood, but they are now extinct. They produced many good per-

formers, however. In every strain they perpetuated their fame.

The Lexington mares, who are also now extinct, but whose daughters survive and are adding every year to the fame of the grand old sire, were gold mines to their owners. They produced such superb performers as Idlewild, Fellowcraft, Rutherford, Spendthrift, Miser, Artistides (out of Sarong), Enquirer (out of Eliza), Hamburg, Hira (dam of Himyar, who was the size of Domino), The Banshee (dam of Krupp Gun), Maiden (dam of Parole, Pawnee, James A), La Henderson (dam of Fireda and Aella). Leamington's reputation was based on Lexington mares, except in two instances—Longfellow and Radamanthus.

The Glencoe mares were in a class by themselves. Reel produced La Compte (the only horse that ever beat Lexington), Prioress, Ann Dunn, Fannie King, grandam of Brown Dick; Charmer, great grandam of Marion, who produced Rey del Rey, El Rio Rey, Empress of Norfolk, The Czar and Yo Tambien, who with Modesty was an American Derby winner; Fannie Fern (dam of Oli Tippax); Volga (dam of Barney Williams); Ann Watson (dam of Rhinodine and Floride); Peytona, who defeated Fashion (dam of Transylvania); Maroon (Baltimore's dam and also that of Richmond); Topaz (dam of Waterloo, Austerlitz and Lodi).

Glencoe's sons also rose to eminence. Vandal was probably the greatest. He sired Virgil, who in turn sired the celebrated Hindoo, and the latter gave to the racing world Hanover. Panic, Rigadoon, Union, Rory O'Moore, Little Arthur and Highlander all attained greatness as performers and producers.

The War Dance mares were a cross between the Lexington and the Glencoe strains, and no mares probably produced great performers with such consistency.

The claims I have made can not be controverted. This is the fleetest, stoutest and best strain of horses ever produced.

CHAPTER VI.

How I Became a Turfman.

Perhaps the story of how I came to be a turfman and to spend the best days of my life as a rider, trainer and owner may not be uninteresting at this juncture, for it will illustrate clearly to young men who contemplate embarking in the business the trials through which they must pass.

I was born in the city of Lexington, at the corner of Short and Cheapside, June 5, 1827. One evening when I was about ten years of age I formed the acquaintance of Stephen Welsh. We were playing hide and seek in the old market house and were having a royal time. Welsh and I were soon fast friends, and he gained such an ascendency over me that on the following morning he persuaded me to run away and become a jockey. I wrapped up a few of my belongings in a piece of paper, met Welsh, and we tramped down the old Frankfort road to Robert Burbage's stock farm and training stables near the Forks of Elkhorn.

I told Mr. Burbage that my parents had sent me out to secure work and make a living. At first he was disinclined to credit my story, but I clung to my statement and could not be shaken in the recital. Mr. Burbage saw I was of small stature and that there was some promise in me as a jockey, concluded to give me a chance to show what was in me, and that in the meantime he would investigate the truthfulness of my story.

To test my courage, the next day he put me to walking a horse called Whipster around the ring with the other boys. The animal began jumping and plunging, but I was not abashed and laughed and held to him. A negro groom called Harry Lewis, who afterward became distinguished as the trainer of Lexington, told Mrs. Burbage at dinner that day that he felt sure the stable had obtained a jewel. He said I was a natural born rider, and even then he was convinced I was the best boy in the stable. Welsh, who induced me to run away from home, rode Gray Eagle in his races with Wagner and became a famous jockey.

I was put right on from walking to galloping horses, and the first animal I ever bestrode was the vicious Whipster. My mother, in the meantime, had ascertained my whereabouts and had written Mr. Burbage. She said if I was satisfied and was willing to adopt riding as a profession I might remain until the racing in the fall, at which time she would see him and confer further concerning my future career.

The next spring I left Mr. Burbage and went to White Sulphur Springs, Scott county, where I secured employment at exercising with James Fenwick, a noted breeder of that day. He bred Quiz, the grandam of Longfellow, and her sister, Queen Mary, besides a host of other celebrities. I remained there three years, and frequently galloped Quiz. In this connection I wish to call the attention of the reader to my previous statement that breeding is a lottery. Quiz was of no earthly account as a performer, while her sister was considered good enough to run against Gray Eagle, Wagner or any others of her day. But she produced Nantura, who was the dam of Longfellow. Queen Mary gave to the world the first Red Eye, by imp. Sarpedan.

In those days the stable boys slept at the house and were treated as members of the family. I had few privations and got along well with the trainers and grooms. Everybody seemed to take an interest in me, probably on account of my small size and my precocity, for even then I was a close observer.

I left Mr. Fenwick in 1842 and became attached to the stable of the famous Jim Shy. He lived on the race track at Lexington and had Theatrus, The Splotch Mare and a half dozen others in training there, including Rothschild, with whom he won the two most important stakes at the meeting that year. There I remained for a number of years and got my first mount as a jockey.

Mr. Shy had promised me for weeks before that he would give me a chance, and I looked forward to the time I should sit in the saddle and ride a sure enough race with a great deal of eagerness. Finally, the eventful day arrived. I cared little for the class of the horse I was to be on. All I wanted then was to ride. They put me on a mare named Pinderella, by Monmouth Eclipse. She was of ordinary cali-

ber, and I did my best, but could do no better than finish third in the race. The next time out I also lost.

But the third time I showed them who laid the rail. I was on a horse belonging to a man named Sherley, who had a stock farm near Louisville. The colt was by imp. Margrave and was called Martinet. It was over the old Oakland course, and there were eight or nine starters. We got off well together at the tap of the drum. I was instructed to trail till I came to the head of the stretch. I kept within distance of the leading horse for three-quarters of a mile. Then I pulled a little wide and came on home winner of the heat with comparative ease.

Paddy Burns, of Frankfort, a famous Bluegrass plunger, who had backed my mount for the heat, approached me and handed me three sovereigns. It was my first fee and I was anxious to distinguish myself by winning the race. I was instructed to lay up the next heat unless I got off well, and as I did not do so I lost the heat. The third heat my horse had cooled off and rested well. At the tap of the drum I went to the front, and with a good swinging pull all the way I maintained the lead.

Burns was again backing me, and the next day he took me down town and bought me two good suits of clothes and gave me a twenty-dollar bill. It was the first large amount of money I had ever possessed and I had no pocketbook. I was terribly afraid I would lose the money, and I tied it up in one corner of the tail of my shirt. It reached home with me safely and I turned it over to Mrs. Shy with instructions to keep it for me. This happened in about 1845.

Shy was very unlucky with his horses and race after race he entered and lost by the worst kind of luck. It was the talk of all the tracks, and there was not a man but felt sorry for him. Being a man of but limited means, it was predicted that his turf career would soon have to close as far as ownership was concerned. But the tide turned. Dallas, by Robinson, out of Theatrus, was entered in a race about 1846 at Lexington for the three best in five heats. I had the mount and won the race in four heats, losing the third.

Then originated the famous saying that is now a familiar one all over the South—"Shy won a heat." You may hear it in Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, Virginia, Louisiana, and

even in the far East. I won the heat for Shy and brought him the first pleasant smile he had had for many a day from the fickle goddess.

I severed my connection with Shy the following year, and when Richard Ten Broeck was organizing a stable to make a tour through Canada I went with him as his chief jockey. We landed at Toronto, and in due course of time the trainer had the horses in shape for active work.

We swept everything before us and won all the races in which our horses were entered. Finally we came to Quebec at the Queen's course on the Plains of Abraham. There we arranged a killing, and we certainly made it. I was on Sallie Ward (a mare by John R. Grimes) in a three-mile heat race. The only contender was Grace Darling, although there were several others in it.

I landed the first heat with Sallie Ward, and Grace Dar ling captured the second; but I knew all the time that the game little Kentucky mare was the better of the two. Mr. Ten Broeck was anxious to win as much as possible on the race, but, as Grace Darling was a noted mare and had lost but few if any races that year, he was doubtful. In consequence, he arranged with me that he was not to make a bet until I showed him conclusively that we had the race well in hand.

Lord Parish owned Grace Darling, and up to that time she had never lost a race where the heats were broken. After I had won the first heat Mr. Ten Broeck asked me what I thought of the prospect for winning. I told him it was good.

"Well," he said, "if you see you can win lay up the next heat, but raise your cap after two and one-half miles have been run to let me know you are sure of your game."

In the meantime he was sitting by the side of Lord Parish in the grand stand, watching the race. As in the first heat, I laid close behind Grace Darling all the way. At the two miles I shook up my horse a little, and she responded so liberally that I knew she had lots of speed in reserve, and would be there when it was necessary to deliver the goods. On we went around the turn, and at the point agreed upon I again called on her. As before, she was full of run, and I raised my hand to my cap as if it were falling off.

Mr. Ten Broeck had so much confidence in my judgment that he wagered $25,000 with Lord Parish that Sallie Ward would win the next heat. Now, as I have said, Grace Darling had never lost a race where the heats were broken-for the reason that she had wonderful powers of endurance. The Britisher was so confident that his mare would win that he readily put up the money, and he went further and agreed to bet his famous mare Gipsy, a full sister to Medoc, on the result. Mr. Ten Broeck was only too delighted at this proposition, for he had long been trying to buy Gipsy, believing her to be a comer.

For the last and deciding heat we got off evenly, and I let Grace Darling get in the lead. I was never far away, though, and always had her at my mercy. On we went with the speed of the wind. Grace Darling was pressed to her utmost, and was doing her level best at every stride. On the other hand, I was holding my horse in reserve. Lord Parish thought he had won and his face was wreathed in smiles, for he saw himself the winner of about $50,000. He informed Mr. Ten Broeck that it was all over but the shouting, and he and his friends joked about the matter. But I was on Sallie Ward, and I had not called on her for the supreme burst of speed that I knew she had concealed in her graceful little legs.

We were on the last quarter. Grace Darling was leading still, but every nerve was in play and she was at her best. I smiled and shook the rein a trifle. Sallie Ward moved up quickly. I was at her flanks; then at her saddle girths; then we were on even terms; then Sallie Ward's pretty head was shoved in front of that of the British horse. A low cluck urged her on, and fast and faster flew her nimble feet. I was a length ahead, and when we passed under the wire there was daylight between us. I had won the greatest race ever seen on a Canadian track.

An Irishman, who had been following us through the country and winning on our starters, bet we would win the first heat. Before the second he came to me in the paddock and asked me what I would do in the second. I told him I hardly thought we would win. With this tip he bet his money on the British horse. Of course, he won. Then, instead of coming to me and getting another tip for the third,

he was satisfied that Grace Darling would win and put up everything he had on Grace Darling. He sent $2,000 with someone and wagered it with Mr. Ten Broeck.

As I dismounted, after winning the third and concluding heat, he approached me and in the presence of a large crowd said:

"You blue-bellied Yankees would rob St. Peter of the throne if Jesus Christ didn't lock it up every night and hide the key."

"You lost," said I, "because you didn't come back for the third tip. I told you the truth twice and you ought to have trusted me the third time."

When we returned to Kentucky I left Mr. Ten Broeck and went back to Shy. In the stable of the latter at that time was the afterward famous race horse Doubloon, by imp. Margrave, out of Picayune He was then a two-year old, but he showed evidences of wonderful speed. It was decided to simply jog him along and not put him to the test until he became a three-year old, when his muscles would be hardened and his lithe body developed. I exercised him all that season, and when the meeting opened at Lexington the following spring I was selected to ride him. The first race we won was the Phœnix Hotel Stakes at mile heats, and he landed both of them easily. The Citizens Stakes was the next race in which he was entered. There he again showed his superiority, and I brought him first under the wire. By this time we realized there was a very great horse in our stable.

Returning to Louisville, we won the Galt House Stakes without any trouble. Mr. James A. Grinstead, his owner, sold him to William Greer, of Dover, Mason County, Ky., for $1,500. At this time such a horse would have readily brought $100,000. For his new owner Doubloon won many thousands of dollars, but he in turn became doubtful of his lasting qualities and sold him to a Polander named Skimansky. The latter showed his wisdom in making the purchase by taking him to New Orleans, where his winnings flowed in a golden stream into the coffers of the foreigner. Doubloon was never placed in the stud, and died in Missouri about 1865.

By this time I had become a trainer and formed a part-

nership with Edward Eagle. We opened a public stable and trained many high-class horses, including Goodwood, Iceburg, Vesuvius and Ella D., the grandam of Hanover. I consider her to have been every whit as good as her grandson, and she was certainly a mighty queen of the turf.

Goodwood was by Lexington out of Evergreen, by imp. Glencoe, and was owned by Col. John R. Viley, of Lexington. Ben Pryor, a trainer, of Natchez, Miss., had the horse as a two and three-year-old, and he sent him back to Col. Viley, saying there was nothing in him, and that he could never win enough to pay his feed bill. When I separated from Eagle and went into business for myself Col. Viley came to me and suggested that I take the horse on shares. I thought over the proposition and concluded to take the chance. At that time, perhaps, I was about the only man in Kentucky who thought there was anything in this handsome son of Lexington.

I gave him a careful training till the springtime came, and then I took him to Louisville. First I put him in a race with a number of others just as a trial. There was some interference with Goodwood during the race and he lost to Sherrod. I was somewhat disappointed at his failure to win, for I had had great confidence in his ability. I was not discouraged, however, and, returning to Lexington, I trained him again for the meeting there. This time his success was beyond my fondest expectations. He met Black Rebel, Lila, Starlight, Joe Stoner and other noted horses at two-mile heats, winning handily. Three days later he was in a race with the mighty Colossus and several others. He won two straights without an effort, and was never extended. By this time his fame was established, and the Pryor castoff was sold to Judge Hunter for $10,000 that night. Mr. Ten Broeck was arranging to go to England for a campaign, and he offered Judge Hunter $10,000, the price he had paid for the horse, for his running qualities.

"Why," said Judge Hunter, proudly, "$10,000 wouldn't buy a hair in that horse's tail."

Mr. Ten Broeck was so impressed with the performances of Goodwood that he afterward bought his full sister, Myrtle, and took her to England. There she was entered in the rich Czarowitch Stakes, and in a field of thirty-nine of the best-blooded animals of old England she finished second.

CHAPTER VII.

Won Every Stake.

I moved to Missouri in 1862, bringing with me Creighton, the last colt of imp. Glencoe, a full brother to Blonde and Maroon, and Ada Kennett. James K. Duke, an extensive breeder, of Kentucky, had died a short time previously, and I had been engaged to take charge of his horses. This I did, and I considered that I could obtain better prices for them if I raced and sold them in Missouri.

I won every stake in Missouri that year with Ada Kennett, and Creighton more than paid for his keep.

Having nothing to keep me longer in Missouri after the horses were sold at the end of the season, I returned to Lexington. At a public sale there I purchased ten or twelve horses for Benjamin Hutchinson, a breeder, of Missouri. Among them were Lilac, who afterward produced Gray Cloud and many other celebrities, and Evangeline, a highly-bred mare.

Annie Travis was also in the string. She turned out Tidal Wave, Athlene and a host of others noted for their speed. Derby, by Eclipse out of Lady Taylor, was bought from Rufus Lyle, who acted as agent for Major B. G. Thomas, and sold him against the wishes of the latter. He defeated Maiden, the dam of the celebrated Parole, and won nearly all the other stakes at St. Louis.

At this time racing and breeding were at a very low ebb in Missouri, and I contend that I am practically the father of racing in the State. I did everything in my power to get people interested in the matter by inducing them to purchase brood mares and stallions. It was slow work for a time, but the grand results that are to be observed to-day are a monument to my efforts. The old Prairie track had been abandoned and the old Abbey was on its last legs. I realized that something had to be done, and I went to work with a will to have a new track established. By dint of persuasion enough gentlemen were interested to establish the

Laclede track, named in honor of the first white man that explored the upper Missouri river.

Here there was brilliant racing for a number of years. Muggins, Derby, The Banshee, Pat Maloy, Ruth, Plantaganet, Patrician and hundreds of other horses of the highest class planted their dainty hoofs on the soil of this course and won many a hard-fought battle. About this time racing was perfectly honest in every particular in Missouri, and there had never been a breath of suspicion against the class of the sport. But soon after the first taint was manifested, and gradually the blot has grown upon the escutcheon until everything on a race track in the State is regarded as at least worthy of close investigation.

One of the most peculiar races that occurred during this period was between The Banshee, Pat Maloy and a few others. The Banshee was in my stable and was owned by James J. O'Fallon and myself. It was a two-mile heat race, and The Banshee stepped out and won the first heat handily from Pat Maloy, who was in reality the only contender and the one I feared most. I told my jockey to drop in behind Pat Maloy and jump into the tracks as Maloy dropped out. Now, Pat Maloy was a bald-faced horse, and, as ill luck would have it, there was another bald-faced horse bearing a striking resemblance to him in the race. My boy was never a careful observer and he selected as the horse he was to beat the inferior animal. They flew around the track with the real Pat Maloy in the lead by many lengths, but my jockey thought it was the scrub horse and that he could easily overtake him when the test of speed arrived down the stretch. He hung right to the bogus animal, and suddenly realizing the state of affairs, I sent a man to the three-eighth pole to warn the boy. He did so, but by that time it was too late. The boy made a gallant effort, and was only beaten by a head on the post.

The mare was high in flesh, as it was her first effort of the season, and she could not stand the terrible strain. In consequence, the well-seasoned Pat Maloy came in a winner at the end of the next and deciding heat. I had lost through a mistake.

Plantaganet belonged to Mr. O'Fallon, but was in my stable. He started in a race with the great Ruth and others.

It was a three-mile-heat affair. Mr. O'Fallon's horse was considered an animal of no speed when I got him, but I had him in such fine shape that he won in two straight heats. A remarkable feature of this race was the fact that Plantaganet ran the last half mile of the second heat in 0:48½.

We won all the big stakes of the meeting with our horses, and then went to Chicago, where I won two big stakes with Plantaganet, defeating Blazewater and others. Two other stakes fell to our lot through the medium of Altavela. She was a two-year-old at that time and was a wonderful filly. Malacca and Mollie Jones were easily defeated by her, and she could have carried any kind of weight and won. In the first of these races she was so far ahead that she stopped and turned around and whinnied like a colt for its mother. A stableman who was standing at a gate noticed the predicament of the lad on the filly's back, and he ran out and shooed her along. At that she ran on and won by forty or fifty yards.

That same week we put The Corsican in a race and beat Moonlight, a grand filly of the year, who afterward became noted for her marvelous performances. The Corsican was my individual property, but I sold him to a man named Holland, and the latter raced him in the South, winning many stakes and purses. Major Thomas G. Bacon was his trainer there and had a farm at Edgefield, S. C.

At Saratoga The Banshee won the rich Travis Stake and the Filly Stake. Altavela won all the two-year-old races there, beating Oakleaf, who had won all the stakes of this class in the East up to the time our horses arrived at the course. I would have won a three-mile dash with Pat Maloy, who had been purchased by Mr. O'Fallon, but for the stupidity of my rider. He was seventy-five yards ahead of James A. Connelly, the only other contender, when he suddenly pulled up, for no reason whatever, and the latter won. My boy deliberately stopped the horse and took him out to the side of the track. Then the crowd began to yell and shout, and my boy concluded to take another chance. He started in and gave Maloy his head. Even then, with all this delay, he was only beaten half a neck. The boy's mind had become affected through the severe reducing to make the weight, and this accounts for his strange action.

At that time I probably had the best racing stable in the world. While in point of numbers it did not exceed some others, the caliber of the horses was better. The fame of the string was widespread and the Missourians were anxious to meet me on my return. Several owners went to Kentucky and bought the best horses that were obtainable there. We met again in the fall, but the result was the same. Once more they fell victims to the superior speed and handling of the Davis-O'Fallon string.

Gen. Woodford was a noted horse in Kentucky, and Charles L. Hunt and James Loop paid $7,000 for him, believing he could take the measure of the mighty Plantaganet. He was the chief contender against our horse in the two big stakes, but we had no trouble in disposing of him in easy style. The Banshee swept the three-year-old platter and Altavela attended to all the business in the two-year-old line with scarcely an effort. By this time it was considered that our string was almost invincible. There was no one who could beat us and we seldom lost anything after which we went.

At New Orleans the same fall The Banshee represented us in the three-year-old stakes over the old Metaire Course, which, by the way, is now a cemetery, having been donated for that purpose by Colonel Howard, a lottery king, who had been blackballed when he applied for membership to the jockey club. To avenge himself for the slight placed upon him he purchased the course and gave it to the city for a cemetery. Milk-white tombstones now have taken the place of the feet of flying horses, and the touts who are seen there are poor fellows who have come to visit the graves of departed relatives.

There The Banshee brought sorrow to the stable. She was defeated by Locust Post in a dash of a mile, but at that she only lost by a head. Two days later she redeemed herself by beating the same horse, Gen. Ewell and Bayonet in a two-mile-heat race. Both heats fell to her, and at no time during the race did any horse reach her side. The rider was determined to win.

On the fourth day of the same week Plantaganet defeated Bayonet, Gilroy and others in a three-mile-heat event, winning two heats and stamping him as a wonderful per-

former. I laid up the first heat and let Bayonet and Gilroy fight it out to a dead heat. Then when the second came I had a fresh horse. My jockey was told to go in and win, as the others were tired and at his mercy. He followed instructions and had not the slightest trouble in winning.

In the spring, at the same place, we met with similar success, winning all the big stakes.

Later, at Jerome Park, the same season, I won the American Jockey Club Handicap with Plantaganet, worth $8,500, giving Abdul Kadir, one of the best four-year-olds of the season, twenty pounds. Hardy Durham, who had the mount on Plantaganet, waved his hat at a girl in the grand stand, and Abdul Kadir crept up and made a dead heat on account of the carelessness of Durham. But he afterward paid more attention to what he was doing and won the race. This was certainly a grand performance for the horse, considering that he carried the twenty-pound impost and was running over one of the worst tracks the country ever had.

But it was due to a little piece of diplomacy on my part that I won, for Plantaganet would never have been able to have won without the rest necessary. Therefore, I persuaded the judges to run another race between the heats. This was done and Plantaganet came out for the heat in splendid condition.

The next day The Banshee won the Jerome Park Cup race, worth about $7,000, from a big field of the best horses of the day. In the race were Pleasureville, Judge Curtis (formerly Gen. Duke) and Voxhall, and they were certainly of the highest class.

Saratoga also yielded up her golden treasures to the celebrated Davis-O'Fallon string, but by that time our horses were worn out from the strain that had been put upon them. They had raced from the South to the North and back again, and we were compelled to retire many of them to the stud.

Two years later the get of the famous Pat Maloy came to the front. They were Ozark, Gen. Harney, Lilly Belle and Athlene, with a few others. I took them to Long Branch, and there with Ozark I defeated Aristides, the winner of the first Kentucky Derby; Calvin, Tom Ochiltree, and all the distinguished three-year-olds of the year. So

carefully had I hidden the condition of my horse from the outside world that he always went to the post a rank outsider. When Ozark met Aristides the first time any bookmaker would have permitted you to write your own ticket, for he seemed to have so little chance.

Ozark annexed the Kenner Stakes at Saratoga that year. He ran in another stake against the famous d'Artignan and clearly defeated the latter, but the judges prevailed upon me to agree that it was a dead heat and divided the money with McDonald, the owner of d'Artignan. They urged that he was a poor man and that the loss of that stake would drive him from the turf. That is the sole reason I consented. My horse won the race, though, and I could have had it had I insisted. However, I wished to give McDonald a chance. Just now I would like to ask the question: "How many of the men of to-day would have done as I did?"

Ozark lost a race at Baltimore, but when he went up to Washington he redeemed himself, winning a novelty race of four miles. The conditions were that the horse leading at the half won $400 and the mile $800. These conditions prevailed for each mile. My horse took the lead at the jump and was never headed. The famous Nettie Norton, who had just run four miles at Baltimore in 7:23, was the nearest to him, and she was a quarter of a mile off at the finish. The track was in frightful shape, but had the race been run over a good course I am satisfied it would have been done in 7:10. Ozark that day could have beaten every horse ever bred in the world. Madge, Joe Cerns, First Chance, Jack Harkaway and all the others had records, but they were never able to get within hailing distance of the brown son of Pat Maloy and imp. Sunny South.

After this meeting I sold Ozark to an Omaha man for $4,500. Such a horse to-day would bring $25,000. His new owner took him to Charleston, S. C., where he was beaten once. At Savannah he met the same horse under similar conditions and won handily. He broke down at Nashville and never ran a race afterward.

I sold Gen. Harney to William Lakeland at New Orleans for $2,500, and this virtually broke up my string, as I had but Athlene and Lilly Belle left.

At the beginning of the following season I organized a stable of my own and made a campaign through Montana. I had John Baker and Premium, and both of them were of the highest class. John Baker could run a mile in 1:40 or better, and was a grand plater, while Premium had phenomenal speed. Realizing that the people of the far West would not take kindly to me if they came to understand that my sole object in going there was for the purpose of making money and carrying it away from the State, I thought I would be more successful if I made them believe I intended to locate there. I inspected several ranches and pretended that I was anxious to buy. There was hardly a man in the State that did not make me some kind of an offer, for they all seemed anxious to get away themselves.

They began to smell a mouse when, after the races began, I annexed nearly every purse and stake with the good horses I had brought out there for the purpose. I did not lose a race in which I had a starter. But they finally caught on and began to make life miserable for me. One of the worst frauds they attempted to practice upon me was by the withdrawal of a horse in one of the stake events, thus lessening the amount at least $1,000. Of course, my Kentucky blood would not permit me to stand for this, and I entered a vigorous protest, asking to be permitted to read the rules, which, by the way, I had helped draft. This was refused, and I mounted a picket fence near the stand. The vast crowd that filled the grand stand gathered about me, all eager to hear what I had to say. It was composed of the beauty and chivalry of the great Copper State.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "these rules cover the case entirely. If I am at fault I am willing to retire as gracefully as possible under the circumstances, but if I am right I ask you to uphold me."

The air rang again and again with the plaudits of the crowd.

"Let a committee of two," I cried again, "go to the stable, bring out this alleged sick horse, and see if he is not in fine shape."

"Give him a show," yelled the people.

"I come of a race of people," said I, as soon as silence was once more restored, "that always respects the rights of

others and will not permit themselves to be trampled upon. I must have what justly belongs to me here."

The West loves a man who insists upon fairness and is not afraid to demand it on all occasions and under all circumstances. In consequence there was such a tumult that had not that horse been brought out and made to run in that race there might have been a lynching.

The flag fell to a good start, but I had the best horse, and the result was never in doubt. None of them ever came near him and John Baker, whose name I had changed to Howell. He was not a ringer, for I plainly told every one of the change. I got the stake, in spite of hints thrown about that a vigilance committee was liable to wait upon me that night.

The next day Premium repeated the dose and got the money. I had good bets down on her at fair odds, for they could not believe that I had all the best horses in the State. Miss Ella had shown wonderful speed in a race at Lexington before she was taken out there, and she seemed to have a chance, But I knew my mare and I never faltered in the belief that she had the race at her mercy. There was no trouble in collecting the money.

At the ending of this meeting I sold my horses to A. Samples, who was feeding Gen. Miles' soldiers over in the Yellowstone Valley, and traveled overland back to Ogden, a distance of about a thousand miles, having $12,000 winnings on my person, representing less than three months' earnings.

Back in old Missouri once more, I had about made up my mind to retire from the turf for good. But the love for horse racing was not so easily extinguished, and when Clifton Bell asked me to train a string of good ones for him I consented. He told me just to set my own price on my services.

The horses were at that time at Denver, and while I was waiting for them to arrive I was induced to take charge of John Davis, a horse named after me, and owned by Capt. John Shaw and Charles Hunt. The horse was of high class and had quite a little history, for his ownership was once decided by a game of seven up. One half of him was owned by Capt. Shaw and the other by Sam Ecker. Shaw bred and reared the animal, but he gave Ecker a half interest

for training him. Then they agreed to play a game of seven up to see who would own all. William Mulkey, a breeder and turfman, of Kansas City at the present time, was selected to play for Ecker, who did not understand the game perfectly, while Capt. Shaw manipulated the cards for himself. It was for seven points and they were six and six. Mulkey was dealing and turned a jack, which gave the horse to Ecker.

I had told Capt. Shaw the horse was a great plater, and I persuaded him in company with Charley Hunt to buy the animal back. There was one drawback. He was a bolter, and nothing could be done with him, for he would not run straight at any time. So, while I was waiting for the horses to come here from Denver, I so tamed and trained him that he became one of the most useful horses on the turf, winning his owers many thousands of dollars. The great Checkmate barely beat him for the cup that season.

In due time Mr. Bell's horses arrived and I took charge of them. He had in his string Dave Yandell, Cliff Bell, John McGinty and three others, all in bad shape. I put them in condition and went to Chicago with them, where I persuaded Mr. Bell to buy Harry Gilmore, by Buckden, out of Lady Grigsby, a full brother to Buchanan, who won the Kentucky Derby and at the same time twice as good a horse.

The horse was looking badly at the time, but I proceeded to fix him up. At Saratoga he began to improve rapidly, and I saw he was a great race horse. Up to this time he had never been able to win at anything greater than a mile and was looked upon by every one as a sprinter.

I soon realized that he had something more in him than had yet appeared. Just at daylight every morning I took him out and gave him a gallop, which put strength and endurance into his system. He was entered in the great Omnibus Stakes at Long Branch, although no one thought he had the remotest chance of winning; but I differed from them and began preparing him for the event. Every day at daybreak I had him out and gave him his work. He showed that he had all sorts of speed as well as endurance, and I knew that I had almost made a new horse of him.

Just before leaving for Long Branch one morning I sent him a mile and a half in 2:34¾ with 112 pounds up.

CHAPTER VIII.

Harry Gilmore's Victory.

Up at Long Branch active preparations were going on for the great race. The favorite was Wyoming, by Pat Maloy, a horse owned by George Lorillard, but Tom Plunket and a horse owned by D. D. Withers were all thought more favorably of than my horse. In fact, it was generally conceded that Wyoming was the best three-year-old of the season and the best animal Mr. Lorillard had ever owned.

I had so concealed the running qualities of my horse that no one knew what he could do. Trainers were betting suits of clothes that I would not even start, and that I was simply taking him to the track to get a badge for the meeting.

Mr. Bell did not even know I was going to take his horse to Long Branch and he was suprised when I telegraphed him that I was going to start Harry Gilmore in the great stake. I further told him I believed I could win and advised him to get down all the money he could on his horse. He took my advice, and it was not long until people began to wonder what I meant by starting such a horse and what Mr. Bell meant by betting his money. This did not, however, lessen the odds on the horse's chances.

Billy Donahue was on Gilmore, and the horse walked out in front of the stand looking as fresh as a daisy. My instructions to the rider were for him to keep out of the new-made ground on the track and never be out of the race at any time. I said I would stand at the half-mile pole until after he passed me, and to keep forcing the running as long as my hat was in the air. He had the best horse under him, I said, and there was nothing in it that could touch him if he followed my instructions.

Donohue did just as I told him, and when he passed me, forty yards in the lead, I yelled to him to sit steady and keep going, as he had the race as good as won. The other horses were never able to get within speaking distance of the

fleet-footed Gilmore, and he galloped in under a pull, winning the first Omnibus Stakes ever run.

It was the greatest surprise of the time, as everybody figured that he did not have one chance in a thousand of winning. I wagered all the money I could raise on the race and won everything I went after in the financial line that day.

This race set people to thinking, and after that no man ever accused me of having a badge horse in a race. It was generally considered, always, that when I started in a race I felt sure I had a chance of winning. I might buy the poorest skate, and put him in a race with a lot of first-class platers, but my horse never lacked support. In fact, I made it a point never to start a horse as a favorite, and I never did so. I always endeavored to get as much money for the owner as I could, and to do this I sometimes had to train by candle light; but no one ever knew what one of my horses was going to do. It was but fair to the owner to get him the best odds possible.

When I returned to the West I met Mr. Bell, who, by the way, had never seen me since I took charge of his string. When I turned over $20,000 in winnings to him he could hardly believe what I said. At first he said I could not have paid my expenses out of the money, but I assured him that such was the case.

Harry Gilmore afterward ran in the Stallion Stakes at Louisville against my advice, and was defeated by two horses, for the reason that he never could run in the mud. Clay Pate, a sure enough mud horse, captured the race, but he could never have landed first past the post had the going been fast and to the liking of Gilmore. At the same time we had in our stable Dave Yandell, a horse that liked the mud, and could easily have won. In fact, I tried my best to induce Mr. Bell to start Yandell; but James Guest, a half owner of Gilmore, wanted to start his horse, and I had to submit. Thus we lost a stake that should have fallen to us.

We moved to Chicago from Louisville, and I won the two-mile- and the three-mile-heat races with Dave Yandell, beating some of the best horses there. Harry Gilmore got the mile-heat race handily. After this I returned to St. Louis and spent the winter. The next season I started out

with the same stable, and going to Chicago I won the Board of Trade Handicap with Harry Gilmore. Three days later I won the great cup race, beating John Davis, Lida Stanhope, Farragut and a half dozen other flyers, over a course two and a quarter miles. This is the only one of Buckden's get that ever went a cup distance.

At the close of this meeting I turned Mr. Bell's horses over to their owner, and they were taken back to Denver. For a few months I rested at my farm, and then I went to Chicago and bought Big Three and another four-year-old called Fayette, by Australian Chief. With them I earned more than $30,000 for the Ruddy Brothers that season.

Col. Robert A. Johnson and John Churchill then engaged me to train their horses. In the string were Powhattan, Loftin, Adrian and Miss Bowler, all of which were famous in their day. The horses were in wofully bad shape. They were vicious to an extreme and had been beaten everywhere they had been raced. Every trainer that had had hold of them said there was nothing in them ; but I thought there was and I went to work on them. I knew there was no use in trying to race them at once, but I paid all the declarations and forfeits. Leaving Chicago for Saratoga, I prepared for active business. In a race between Pearl Jennings and Powhattan, a dash of a mile, the latter was victorious in 1:41¾. Up to this time Powhattan had never gone a mile in less than 1:43 over the fast Western tracks, and this performance was remarkable. As in all my previous races, I sent him to the post a rank outsider. Col. Johnson had little hope that I would succeed in making race horses out of any of the string, but he had confidence in my ability and knew that if such a thing were possible I would do so.

The horse had pleased me so well in his trials that I telegraphed the owners to put a good bet down, and they did so, winning heavily. There was very little outside betting on Powhattan, and the odds were as good as 6 to 1 against his chances.

Four days later he won another race at a mile and five-eighths, winning easily.

In the meantime preparations were going on for the great cup race that was to come off ten days later. In it

were Powhattan, Bob Miles, Boatsman, Modesty, Jim Douglas and several others, but these were the best. The eventful day arrived and Powhattan was not thought well of. The odds were as big as 10 to 1 against him. Modesty and Boatsman were the favorites, but the others had some following.

Well, the flag fell to a good start, and Boatsman started off in front, with Modesty second, Jim Douglas third, Bob Miles fourth, Powhattan fifth and the others strung out. At the end of a mile and a quarter Bob Miles went through the bunch. Powhattan followed closely behind. These positions were maintained until the end of the chute was reached. All the time Powhattan was creeping slowly forward. Fitzpatrick, on Miles, saw the danger and plied whip and spur. Hayward, on Powhattan, however, was not to be shaken off, and at length he was on even terms with the flying leader. On down the stretch they thundered, neither seeming to be gaining an inch, and when they passed under the wire they were so close together that it was fully twenty minutes before the judges were able to decide which had won. Finally, they gave it to Bob Miles, and thus ended one of the greatest races ever run. The others were hardly to be considered in it, for they were so far away at the finish that the crowd had almost forgotten them when they came under the wire.

I had placed the horses in just this position previous to the race, and I urged my friends to get down on it. They did so. Col. Bob Pate, one of the best-known turfmen of the country, owned Boatsman, and he wagered heavily on the result. I met him just before the race. I persuaded him to back my horse for the place and Miles to win. He did so, and it saved him from serious loss.

Back to St. Louis I came and annexed the four great stakes, winning two with Powhattan and Loftin, meeting Buchanan, the Kentucky Derby winner, and Troubadour, who has since become famous as the property of that representative turfman, Col. S. S. Brown, of Pittsburg, During my trip abroad I had been quietly working Loftin along, but had never raced him, for his ankles were sore and he was in a precarious condition.

But by the time he arrived in St. Louis he was fit to run for a man's life, as the saying is. I had him entered in

all the big stakes, and when he met Buchanan, who had beaten him at Louisville, he quickly took the measure of his one-time conqueror. Even Troubadour had beaten poor old Loftin when he was too sick to run and give an account of himself, and this made the victory a doubly interesting one. It illustrates very clearly the point I have always made, that a trainer must understand his horses before he can make them do their best. Then a horse should always be fit before he is started. Otherwise you injure the horse and perhaps destroy his chances forever.

Over at Churchill Downs, in Louisville, I found stable room, and in a race of a mile and three-eighths, in which I ran Powhattan, he was beaten a head on the post because the boy could not get him out of a pocket. I warned him against it, but cunning little Stoval and another boy pulled together, wedge-like, and shut him off. They held him for a mile. If he could have got out at any time during this period he would have won.

In a two-mile-heat race later Powhattan was a winner, and Col. Sam Bryant, who once owned the famous Proctor Knott and won thousands of dollars with him, remarked that my work on the horse was something so remarkable that it was beyond his comprehension. He had left Louisville in the spring a cripple, sick, broken down and absolutely of no account, and now he had returned one of the best horses of the year.

That fall I fired Loftin and brought him back to St. Louis. During the ensuing spring Col. Johnson died at Knoxville, and thus passed away one of the truest and best friends any man ever had. He was often called the "Magnet of the American Turf," so attractive was his personality, and no man so well deserved the title. Everybody liked him and he liked everybody.

This untimely and sorrowful incident necessitated the settling up of his estate, and I repaired to Lexington with the horses that had made his name famous all over the country and that had won him so many thousands of dollars. Even now, as I write it, tears come to the eyes of the man who loved him as devotedly as a brother.

The horses were sold at public sale and the string drifted apart. This ended the association of two men who had been

friends for fifty years, and there was never a parting in which there was greater reluctance.

When the hand of death's angel is laid upon me,
And my course upon earth has fully been run,
May I find there in waiting, beyond the dark sea,
The face of my old friend as bright as a sun.

CHAPTER IX.

My Recollections.

Another horse I took, when she was considered to be totally unfit for racing, was Nannie B., by Glenco, out of Mary Churchill, by Alex. Churchill. The mare belonged to Warren Viley, and previously he had given John Harper a half interest in her for training the animal. After working with her for months Mr. Harper came to the conclusion that she was utterly worthless, and he so informed Mr. Viley. The latter had no confidence in her ability himself, but he gave Mr. Harper $100 for his half interest in her.

Mr. Viley thought after awhile that there might after all be something in the mare, and he persuaded me to take her on shares. I was to stand all the expense of training and was to conduct the campaign with her. I found her condition had not been misrepresented. She was even worse off than had been claimed.

She was a mare that required very little or no training, and I found, after a careful investigation, that Mr. Harper had trained her too much. She could not stand the hard work. He was unable to make her eat what she needed to sustain her. The heart was taken out of her by the constant strain, and, as a result, when she was placed in a race, she made no showing.

A trainer should study the horse upon which he is working, in order to make him do what he is really capable of doing. Where one horse requires constant hard work, another will need next to nothing, the rest being all the preparation that is necessary. There are hundreds of trainers to-day who are simply working the racing properties out of their horses and rendering them useless for the future. It is true, they may succeed in winning some few races by this system, but in the end the fallacy of the treatment will be proven.

It was but a short time until I became convinced that such was the case with Nannie B. I gave her a rest, and she brightened up and began to take on flesh and strength. In

a month she did not look anything like the poor, worn-out animal she was when I got her. There was an elasticity in her step that had not been perceptible before. Short gallops and a healthful appetite brought back her vigor and put her in shape.

When I thought her about fit, I put her in a mile race with several good ones and she was first past the post. The same week I put her in another race, the Green Stake, at mile heats, where she met a horse that John Harper had trained and beat him easily. She met Volga, a full sister to the great Vandal; Charley Woods, an own brother to Maria Woods and Anna Travis, and was defeated by Volga in four heats of two miles each. She finished second, being beaten by a head, and should have won. The jockey laid too far back and had too much of a gap to make up at the finish. Had he followed my instructions we would have landed the race, as I won the first heat, ran a dead heat the next one, and ought to have had the other. As it was, Volga got the last two heats.

On the day following I sold her to a man named Lewis, of Alabama. In the South she won many races afterward and brought her new owner considerably more than the $3,500 he paid for her.

Afterward I trained a little horse called Iceburg, by Zero, belonging to James Wood, on shares. At Crab Orchard I ran him for five days in succession and won every race in which he was entered. I afterward won a couple of races with him at Lexington and lost to Red Oak by a head at two miles. He gave Red Oak the hardest race he ever had in Kentucky. It was the only time I ever saw Red Oak extended. I sold Iceburg that week to a Northwestern lumberman, who ran him successfully for a couple of years in Wisconsin and Iowa.

Then I made a campaign into Virginia with Adle Giser and Sam Letcher, but previously I had been into Canada with them and won many good stakes. At the Broad Rock track, near Richmond, I made a match for $5,000 a side with David McDaniels, the owner of Carolina, a mare that, up to that time, had never been beaten and had a series of victories to her credit. The Virginians had begun to think the mare was invincible. The distance agreed upon was two-mile-

heats, and Sam Letcher represented my stable. Carolina won the first heat by about a length. In the second heat I instructed my jockey to take the lead and force the running all the way, as I felt I had the best horse and that Letcher could win. Besides, I had a desire to bet a little money on the race.

Thomas Eans, a sporting man from Nashville, bet me $100 to a cravat that Carolina would defeat Sam Letcher. I took the bet and went on cooling out my horse.

They went to the post for the second heat, and, according to instructions, my boy got off in front and pushed the horse for all he would stand. The boy on Carolina trailed along, thinking he had something in reserve in the mare, but when he called upon her at the finish he found that she had about exhausted herself, and she was five lengths behind as my horse passed under the wire. Everybody realized that the race was practically over.

In the third heat my horse went to the front and took the lead all the way. He won easily, and once more Old Kentucky had scored a triumph. Thousands of dollars changed hands on the result of the race, for the Kentuckians had faith in me and my horse.

At Fairfield I made a match for Adle Giser with McDaniels against Carolina for $5,000 a side. My horse took the lead at the start and won handily. Then we made another match for the same amount between the same horses, for McDaniels was not yet satisfied. It resulted as before. Still McDaniels thought he had the better animal and we matched them for $2,500 a side, but the game little mare had met her mistress in Adle Giser, and it was clearly established that both my horses were her superiors. McDaniels afterward became discouraged and forfeited the money in the last match.

At that time McDaniels could have won, for my horse was badly chafed and in bad shape. But I pretended that Adle Giser was all right and had her on the track at the time the drum call was made. McDaniels had informed the judges that if I came out with my horse he would forfeit his money; and when they saw me ready, or apparently so, they declared the race off. I won this race through a bluff, for the chances are that I would have lost.

McDaniels, and Belcher, his trainer, who, by the way, trained the great Boston, followed me to Baltimore and purchased both my horses, so impressed were they with their worth. A peculiar fact connected with this purchase was that these men raced these horses for two years and never won a race with them. I do not know why it was, unless it was because they did not understand their temperaments and how they should be prepared for bruising contests.

Afterward I took a half dozen colts for Joseph Boswell, among which were Gabriel and Charley Wheatley, at Lexington, and developed them. I did not race these horses, for I transferred my talents to the string of Judge John Hunter, of Mobile, Ala. He had in his string Lorette, Mary Ogden and Red Eagle, all good horses. We won several races in the State, and then went to Columbus, Ga., where I won a stake with Lorette at mile heats, beating Bill Cheatham, a Tennessee colt of some renown. I also got a mile race with Mary Ogden.

Lorette lost to Sox at Savannah, Ga., but he was a great horse, and there was little disgrace in losing to him. In a dash of two miles Mary Ogden was a winner here.

Probably the most remarkable campaign in my career was with Frank Allen and Moidore. They belonged to Pryor Brothers and Berry Brothers, of Columbus, Ga., The campaign opened at Columbia, S. C., and all the great horses of the North and South were assembled there.

My first race was a stake event, in which Frank Allen represented my stable. Charley Ball, who had a year before beaten Frank Allen in a $5,000 match; Laura Spillman, Mary Blueskin, Floride and Griff Edmondson were the starters. It was a two-mile-heat race. Charley Ball annexed the first heat without trouble. The next two heats fell to Frank Allen, who in the third heat made the best time that has ever been run over the track.

The next day I won a three-mile-heat purse with Moidoire from John Aiken and several others. It was probably the best race Moidoire ever ran. Then I won a four-mile-heat stake race with Frank Allen in two straight heats, beating Cordelia Reed, Laura Spillman and a couple of others.

At Savannah I won a three-mile-heat race with Moidore beating Tar River, a noted horse of the time, and several others. At two and four miles Frank Allen again won.

The feature of this campaign, which ended at this time, was the fact that my horses always beat horses that had previously in other campaigns beaten them. We probably won about $30,000 in purses alone, but the owners were big bettors, and when I told them my horses were fit they never failed to get down with all they could get placed. The result was, they must have "cleaned up," as the saying is, about $100,000. There was hardly ever a time we lost, and even then I saw that they had their money safely "placed." Thus they never lost. The campaign was remarkable because of the winnings and the running of the horses that were thought to be of inferior class.

Glendower and Laclede were placed in my hands by B. F. Hutchinson in Missouri, and I raced them through a vigorous campaign. Glendower was one of the fastest horses I ever handled.

There were hundreds of other horses that I trained and raced, but many of them attained no especial fame, although they frequently won races. In any event, the owners never suffered financially through my training, and they knew that when I pronounced a horse unworthy of training that there was no hope in him.

CHAPTER X.

Home of the Racer.

Kentucky may to-day be virtually termed the home of the thoroughbred, for it has certainly produced more great race horses than any other section of the world. The Blue-grass country is the richest in the "dark and bloody ground," and its emerald-hued fields abound with grand farms and magnificent training quarters.

Probably the first race horse ever brought to this State was taken there by Leonard Israel Fleming, who laboriously worked his way over the mountains from Virginia, and after many privations arrived at his father's estate in Kentucky. It was a vast tract that had been ceded him by the government and was uncultivated, but it was in the fertile country near where Midway now stands. It is claimed also that he established the first race track in the State on the Forks of Elkhorn, but this point is in dispute. However, everything goes to show that the first track was built in that vicinity. Mr. Fleming was the grandfather of Mr. Andrew M. Sullivan, a leading attorney of St. Louis, and also of the late Judge W. B. Fleming, of Louisville, Ky. The Rev. Thomas Lewis, an old negro preacher, of St. Louis, Mo., claims to have been Mr. Fleming's jockey, and says that when he became too heavy to ride he was taken out of the saddle and placed in the pulpit by his owner.

A mention of the States that have produced the great thoroughbreds of the country will be of interest to the reader. Of course, Kentucky stands at the top, as has been stated, for she has the location and everything that pertains to the making of splendid horses.

Probably the greatest sire Kentucky ever produced, and of whom the loyal natives of the State will always point to with pride, was Lexington—a name that is a household word in the State famous for its pretty women, fast horses and good whisky. Lexington was a wonderful horse, of his age, as a performer at all distances; but he gained his greatest

fame in the stud, and his sons and daughters have perpetuated it. He was bred by Dr. Warfield.

Medoc probably comes next on the list. Fleet of foot, he won many great races and earned for his owners thousands of dollars on the track. He was bred in New Jersey by John and Robert Stephens, purchased by John Buford and brought to Kentucky, where his fame did not languish. Here he did yeoman service in the stud, and any owner of to-day is happy to be able to show the Medoc strain in his horses' breeding. His mares, like those of Lexington, earned glory on the turf and in the stud.

Glencoe was imported from England by Mr. Jackson, of Tennessee, and Frank Harper, who was known as "Glencoe Frank," to distinguish him from his cousin of the same name, purchased him and took him to Kentucky. There was but one horse in the world of his day that could beat him, and that was Plenipotentiary, who took his measure in Old England, before he came to this country. He ran no races in this country, but was remarkably successful in the stud. His mares proved a splendid cross for any and all of the stallions of his time, and his name will live as long as there is an American turf.

Leamington was imported from England, and for a short time remained on Staten Island, N. Y., then went to the farm of Abe Buford, where he was at once put in the stud. He got some of the greatest race horses of the world. Out of eleven mares he produced nine horses that distinguished themselves as performers. When he was taken back to Philadelphia he produced Parole, a horse good enough to go to England and defeat every other animal with which he came in contact.

Hanover was bred by Clay & Woodford, near Lexington, and until his death he was a great sire. His get are winning many of the races of to-day, and nearly every one of his sons and daughters are considered almost invincible. Some of the great horses that are now traveling about through England and America are his immediate descendants. His fillies are not old enough to be breeding; but they will be heard from in the near future, and such shrewd owners and trainers as John E. Madden are securing all of this stock they are able to obtain.

Longfellow was bred by John Harper, in Woodford County, and distinguished himself as a great performer. Then he was placed in the stud, and his descendants are the noted horses of the country. A horse that traces his lineage to Longfellow is certainly bred in the purple and has a claim to equine royalty.

Richard Ten Broeck imported Phaeton, who produced many great horses. He sired the mighty Ten Broeck.

Ten Broeck was bred by John Harper and held the record from one to four miles for many years. Ten Broeck was placed in the stud and got many horses of mediocre caliber, but he probably would have done better had he been bred to the proper kind of mares.

Himyar was bred by Major B. G. Thomas at Lexington and was one of the fastest horses of his day. He was badly managed in many respects, but, at the same time, he was certainly a great horse. The wonderful animal was by Alarm, out of Hira, by Lexington, and Hira was out of Hijira, by Ambassenger. He came from a singularly distinguished family. Himyar sired Domino, Highflight, Hataf and others, all of whom became known to fame.

Virginia probably comes next on the list. It was there that Boston, Florisel, Sir Archy, Henry, Red Eye and others had their origin, and most of them became good sires. Sir Archy was probably the best of the lot as a producer, and his get are to be seen in the leading strains to-day. "Inspector, by Boston," Nat Pope, Planet, Financier and Revenue might also be mentioned with Fanny and Sue Washington.

New Jersey has a claim to distinction, for it was the home of Duroc, the sire of American Eclipse, Medoc and several other great sires whose progeny have climbed to the pinnacle of turf fame. All of them produced winners, and their get are perpetuating their fame. New Jersey will never sink into obscurity as a breeding place of the country.

Maryland comes into notice because of her many importations of great stallions, and the sturdy stock produced from them is a monument to her fame in that respect. This State had in its early days a class of breeders who did not hesitate a moment when it came to expense in getting the very best there was on the market at the time. Among her eminent sires was Maryland Eclipse, whose produce were

among the winners of the long ago, and whose greatness has not yet been forgotten. The strain is traced by some of the noted horses of to-day. Catesby and St. George were also sires of the olden time.

While New York is now the greatest racing center of the United States, she also has a claim as a breeding place, for there have been many good sires in the Empire State. The greater part of them were importations, and, while they did not leave such a vastly distinguished progeny, they were breadwinners in every respect. Sensation was a great stallion, owned by George Lorillard, and was never beaten in a race. He had remarkable powers of speed and endurance, and was by Leamington, out of Susan Bean.

Down in old Tennessee, with its mountains and dells, fine farms and pleasant people, there were many great stallions. Imp. Albion, Stockholder, Leviathan, Jack Malone, imp. Great Tom, Inspector B., Iroquois, Vandal, imp. St. Blaze and a half dozen others all distinguished themselves in the stud on the beautiful stock farms there. Every day one hears of their get. Gen. W. H. Jackson owns the beautiful Belle Meade, and some of the grandest colts and fillies in the world have romped on the pastures there. As a breeder Gen. Jackson stands at the head of the list in Tennessee and is noted for his strict integrity and fairness in dealing with men.

Alabama gets her fame through imp. Buckden, one of the best stallions of his day. He was owned by Capt. William Cottrell, of Mobile. Brown Dick was bred in Alabama, but was owned and stood in Tennessee.

Some of the highest bred and best producing stock came from South Carolina, where imp. Sovereign, owned by Wade Hampton; imp. Rowton, and a host of others added to the luster of the American turf through their progeny.

Bonnie Scotland stood first in Ohio and was imported by Reber & Kounce. Monarch, Bronx, Clay Trustee and a few others stood in the Buckeye State, but Bonnie Scotland was the greatest stallion that ever did service there.

The boast of Illinois is that she had West Roxbury, sire of Force, Renown, Rocket and Startle; Zero, the son of Boston and Zenobia; imp. Billet, Hyder Ali, Uncle Vic and a few others who left a vast progeny.

Missouri had Tom Moore, Voucher, Glendower, Virginius, Frogtown, Harry O'Fallon and others of less note. Imp. Sain, imp. Foul Shot, imp. Donald A., imp. Siddartha, imp. Joe Norwood, Ten Stone and Freeman are making the history of the State to-day. Barney Schreiber, Dr. A. A. McAlester and Joseph D. Lucas are the principal breeders of the State, and the animals bred at their places are fast earning laurels for themselves and their owners. The breeding interests of Missouri are developing all the time, and she will soon be able to share honors with many of the mighty ones.

California, last but not least by any means, is doing a great deal for the thoroughbred interests of this day. Among the most noted and foremost of the breeders of race horses in this State may be mentioned Messrs. G. B. Haggin, J. B. Baldwin, Waterhouse, Fred Gebhardt, and in former years Theodore Winters, who became distinguished by being the owner of Norfolk, Joe Hooker, Marion, Yotambian, The Zar and others that were noted.

These are the principal States that are breeding thoroughbreds to-day, but there are many stallions of less note in a number of the sections that have not been mentioned.

In the year of 1849 or 1850 Mr. Charles Weir, of Powhattan County, Virginia, imported from England into America the horse Skylark, who for his great weight-carrying capacity, his general hardihood and high ability to race, especially at long distances, stood almost without a peer in any country of his day. Skylark won 24 King's Plates, which was a greater number than any other horse ever won up to his day. Skylark won 42 three- and-four-mile heat races. He was on two occasions entered to run two races in one day, which he did, and winning both races each time with consummate ease. He met and defeated Lady Elizabeth, who had distinguished herself by carrying 135 lbs., and ran four miles in 7:45. He also met and defeated the famous Economist twice, the sire of the immortal Harkaway, carrying at the time 168 lbs., four miles. He was always assigned the top weights in the handicaps and on one occasion was asked to carry in the Corinthian the extraordinary weight of 210 lbs. The change made in running the Corinthian was attributed to this horse's unparalleled performances

over a distance of ground with such heavy weights. At eight years old his owners issued a challenge to run any horse in the world, four miles, with top weight, for any amount, the parties who might accept to name the amount of the stakes to be run for; but as no one accepted the challege, he was withdrawn from the turf, without even an oslet or splint, and as sound as an American dollar.

CHAPTER XI.

Why They Won.

It is sometimes very little things that cause horses to win or lose races. For instance, take the case of Belle of the Highlands, who lost to Checkmate at Saratoga in the cup race. John Huggins was training Belle of the Highlands at the time, and he was confident that his mare could win. He instructed his jockey, a little negro called Coley, to trail along closely until he came to a certain point where he would find a handkerchief tied to a fence, letting Checkmate make the running. As soon as he saw the handkerchief he was to urge his horse forward and come on and win.

The distance was two and a quarter miles, and the boy followed instructions, always keeping not far away. But some one on the outside, it is claimed, removed the handkerchief, having learned of the arrangement and desiring Belle of the Highlands to lose, and when the negro lad rode down the stretch he kept looking for the sign to begin making his run. The longer he waited the worse his chances were. At length he saw there was no handkerchief, but it was then too late for him to win. He did his best and lost.

Then there is the remarkable case where Kriss Kringle won a race at Latonia. He was old and stiff, a sulker, and it was a difficult matter to make him do his best. But on the day in question the boys in the stable were determined to make him win if it was possible. They put down their scant earnings on his chances and assembled at different parts of the track to watch the race. Kriss Kringle was sent to the post in fairly good shape, but he got off badly and ran in his usual slow manner around to the three-quarter pole. There a stable boy ran out, beating a tin pan to scare him into doing something. At this juncture an L. & N. train passed and the engineer gave the whistle a toot that was loud enough to have at least caused Rip Van Winkle to turn over while in his deepest slumber. Old Kriss Kringle gave a snort, tossed his head and let out a kink in his going. He shot by the others at lightning-like speed, and if ever he was anything

like a stake horse it was on this occasion, for he passed under the wire an easy winner, and the lads who had wagered their money on him collected at odds of 10 to 1.

Even in the great race between Gray Eagle and Wagner it was a trifling incident that brought about the victory of Wagner. Wagner would not do his best unless frightened into doing it, and the attaches of the stable were sent out at the turn at the head of the stretch. When it became necessary to close up the gap between Wagner and Gray Eagle at this point the stable boys began yelling in such a manner, that Wagner shook himself up and did what he was capable of doing. He shot to the front and kept the lead until he had won the race.

An amusing little story is told of Sound Money, a horse owned by Alf Oldham, of Louisville, when he won a race at 20 to 1 at Latonia. I do not vouch for the truthfulness of the story, but it was told me by a gentleman who claims to have heard of it at the time. Oldham had in his employ a little negro exercise boy, who had by dint of the most rigid economy accumulated $2 in actual cash, and this lad thought that Sound Money was the greatest race horse that ever set foot on a track.

In reality Sound Money was windbroken and about on his last legs. He was once a very fair skate, but his usefulness had been impaired by enlarged glands. Could this defect have been remedied he would have been a first-class plater and might have made his owner rich.

Mr. Oldham sent the horse to Latonia and thought he might be good enough to win a race. One day he thought he had him fit, but he was mistaken, and he and his friends dropped their coin on him at short odds, for the tip had gone out that he was sure to win. The little black boy, however, held off, and he did not bet his hoard until the next time the horse started. Then he put it all down on Sound Money at 20 to 1. Mr. Oldham thought so little of his horse's chances that he bet on another horse in the race.

The horse got off fairly well and jogged along not far behind the favorite and second choice. He seemed about done for when he reached the head of the stretch, but he was not aware that he had two riders. One was on his back, Silvers, and the other was on the fence at this point. The

negro had a small pea-shooter in one hand and a dozen beans in the other. As soon as the time came for Sound Money to make his run, if he was ever going to do it, the lad began firing the beans at him from the little gun. Every one struck him in the right spot, and the way he got a hustle on himself and stepped to the front was a caution. In a few jumps he was in the lead, and going at such a rate of speed that nothing could overtake him. He won the race handily from the heavily-backed favorite.

"Now, who would have ever thought the old horse was good enough to win that race?" said Mr. Oldham disgustedly, as he stood at the stable watching a groom bring in Sound Money.

"I did, boss," said the negro. "I had my pile on him, and I made him win."

"How did you do it?" was asked.

"Jes' shot him wif beans as he comes inter de stretch," said the boy. "Ise got 'bout fohty-two dollahs, I specs."

Al Spink, a sporting writer of the West, tells a good story of how he once saved his life and that of his jockey by a clever trick. He was in St. Louis with a string of outlawed horses at the closing of the old Southside electric light track, and not a cent in his pockets. By some means he succeeded in persuading the railroad agent to ship his horses to Cairo and give him a free pass to the same place. A fair was going on in the little Illinois city, and it was Al's intention to make a book and run his horses there. When he reached the city he secured boarding quarters for himself and his jockey and obtained credit for feed for his horses. Among the animals he took with him was one known as Our Flossie. She was a filly with chain lightning in her heels and as dainty a looking little creature as one would wish to see.

On the day of the fair opening a lot of towboatmen had just been discharged from their boats, there having been a coal run in the Ohio, and they were about the city spending the money they had earned by the hardest kind of work for the past two months. They all went to the fair and were all ready to bet their money. Al mounted the block and chalked up his odds on the first race. He put 4 to 1 against Our Flossie, and the steamboatmen and everybody else gobbled it up as fast as possible. There was a scattering play

on the others, but it did not amount to much, and the penniless bookmaker realized that he was in a serious predicament. He knew his horse could run all over the others in the race, and he called his jockey to him.

"If you win this race," he said, "I will not be able to pay off, and these fellows will lynch both of us. If they catch you pulling, they will lynch you. Now, you must get the worst of the start and do your best in a quiet way to lose."

"But if I see he can't help but win," pleaded the jockey.

"Then fall off."

"I might get killed that way, too," said the rider.

"That don't make any difference," was the reply. "You must lose."

Our Flossie got off absolutely last, and the boy was doing his best to keep her in that position, but she suddenly got it into her head to make a run for it, and she did so. Away she went after the leaders at lightning speed and was fast gaining on them. The boy was praying for the safety of his master, for he thought there was absolutely no chance for him to lose. He pulled her gently, but she only ran the faster. At every leap she was nearer to the tiring leader, but she did not quite overtake him and lost by a head.

"Boy," said one of the toughest of the steamboatmen, "you made a good race, and if you had got off even you would have won sure. Don't be discouraged. You'll win some time."

When I was out in Montana I heard a good story of Indian sagacity. Bob Smith, of Tennessee, had been going every year to Milk River, on the upper Missouri, in the Dakotas, and winning the furs of an Indian chieftain named Coffee. The latter was a natural born turfman, and had he been living in the civilized part of the world he would have had a string of some kind at least. He was as game as a pebble, and for several years he permitted Smith to come up and win his furs at horse racing. Smith would bring a good horse with him, race the Indian, win his furs, and then sell him the horse. The next year he would return with a better horse, race against the one he had sold the previous year, and again win the money. Finally the Indian began to get tired of this sort of procedure.

For a year he drilled his Indian starters and judges, and then Smith arrived. They raced for an immense pile of furs against a lot of guns, provisions and ammunition. At the finish the Indian judges came forward and said Smith's horse had won by about a head. Smith was ready to collect the stakes when the Indians at the start came forward and declared that Smith got off by about five feet the best. In those days they measured up the start and finish, and the best horse won.

"You red-skinned devil," said Smith, "you know you have been training those scoundrels to do that for a year past."

But the bet stood all right and Coffee collected the stakes. It was the last time Smith ever brought a horse to that country.

CHAPTER XII.

How to Ride.

That the jockeys of the present are not as good as those of the past is apparent even to the most unsophisticated mind. In the olden times the boys were better judges of pace, obeyed instructions more closely and tried harder to win than they do now. Pulling and unfairness of any kind was comparatively unknown.

Had a boy of the old regime pulled a horse or otherwise contrived to make him lose, his master would have pulled him off and given him the worst licking a lad ever had. Now the owner has no recourse, and he may see his horse lose through the deliberate machinations of the rider without being able to say a word against it.

Many a time an owner would set a little negro rider on the back of a horse he knew could win and tell him if he did not bring the animal in first past the post he would kill him, and he meant it, too. It was worth as much as a boy's life to not do his level best.

The short distances of to-day have much to do with the difference in the quality of the riding. But the boys of long ago, when all racing was fair, seemed to be better judges of pace, and they knew how to husband the strength of the animals they bestrode. Now, in the short dashes, it is simply a hustle and scramble to get off in front. Much of the ignorance on the part of the boys is brought about by trainers who have never been riders themselves and do not know how to instruct and teach a jockey. "Get away in front and hustle home" is about all the average trainer says to the boy, and the latter sometimes tries to do as he is told. If the horse does not happen to be in the very best shape and anxious to run himself, he cannot depend on the skill of the rider to pull him through.

The trainer forgets that it is pace that kills. Lexington, if he had been pushed from the very first, would have done a half in :48, but he would have begun to tire and any horse of his time could have plodded along and beat him.

The trainer, as well as the boy, should use judgment. The pace must be graduated so as to fit the conditions of the horse and rider. The fight to "come through the nearest way" is what loses many a rider a race that he tries honestly to win.

The jockey should be taught that every inch of an angle he makes in coming home must tax the strength of the horse and lessen his chances at the finish. That strength would be left in him and proper judgment been used, and he would have had it with which to finish at the wire.

In entering the head of the stretch the jockey should be taught to avoid making an angle, and should take a bee line for the wire. Every foot of ground at this point tells on him, for this angle makes him run more than sixty feet more than he should. When trailing behind two horses that are running abreast the jockey should wait until the horses split at the turn, which they are sure to do, and then come through between them and save the turn.

If there is any fear in a boy's composition, he has no business on a horse. Still, there are are lots of timid boys who become good riders, after having overcome that fear of a horse that they first entertained. Courage and confidence are the prime requisites, and the whole effort of the trainer must be to instill these two properties into the lad who aspires to become a jockey.

A timid boy thrown from a vicious horse would stand a much greater chance of being hurt than one who had all his wits about him and was watching for a soft place in which to fall.

When placed in the saddle by a trainer a boy should be first taught how to hold the reins. Then he should be informed of the method by which he may cling with his knees to the sides of the horse.

In the event the horse is a plunger and one that is apt to rear and endeavor to shake him off, the boy must be taught to keep the head of the animal up. This is a very essential point, for in case it is not remembered distinctly the boy is liable at any time to let the horse get the mastery and run away with him. This may result disastrously to both the boy and the animal. Therefore, a trainer can not be too careful in this respect.

If the horse stops suddenly while in a fit of viciousness, the lad should loosen the reins and cling to the mane. In case he held to the reins and pulled him, the animal might be thrown off his balance and fall back on the boy. This would happen in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and much trouble may be saved by a trainer apprising a boy of this fact in time.

The next thing to teach a boy is to avoid obstacles on the track. When he has mastered this feature he may be permitted to trot and walk horses about the track. Of course, the idea is that the boy has had some experience and knows how to hold his seat, for no absolutely green boys are ever taken.

In galloping, the boy should always keep a firm hold of the reins in order to always have control of the animal. Slow gallops should be kept up for more than a month, for the reason that in the event the horse was sent along at a good rate of speed the boy might lose his own confidence and let the horse get the better of him. Then the boy would lose all the knowledge you had spent so much time in teaching him, and it might take months to restore it.

By this time the boy has learned in a measure how to protect himself and has learned something of what he may expect of a horse. He can gallop, avoid bad places in the track, keep out of the way of other horses that are being sent along for trials, and is not afraid of the horses.

Keep the boy on one horse all the time, for changing off on animals of a different temperament can not result efficaciously. His ideas then become fixed and he gets accustomed to the race horse.

If he is a bright boy, at the expiration of two months he may be changed to another horse. In no stable are there two horses that have the same habits and dispositions. Therefore, the boy must become acquainted with the different varieties.

In due time he learns how to manage a horse tolerably well, and the trainer is not afraid to put him on any horse in the string. But he is far from being a jockey even then, for he has not learned the more delicate points of the game.

When he is able to gallop a horse at the highest speed of the animal, the trainer must begin to instill into his mind

some idea of judging the pace at which he is going. This is a most difficult matter, and there is not one boy out of a hundred that ever learns it. However, there are some. Isaac Murphy, the famous negro jockey, was one of the best judges of pace on the American turf. He could tell to almost the fraction of a second just how fast a horse under him was going. That is one of the things that brought him fame.

I, therefore, urge that when a trainer sends a boy out for a fast quarter, half or mile, he should afterward tell him just how fast he was going, in order that the lad may form some idea for himself. This is the way to make a real jockey, and the only course to follow if a trainer is really in earnest with the boy. I have known good jockeys and boys who won many races who had not the slightest idea how fast they were going. These were exceptions. They would never have won in a race of the olden time, when the distances were greater than they are now. Any of the smart little negroes of Murphy's time could have made the best of these "get-off-quick-and-come-home boys" look very cheap.

But the style of riding and the distances have changed, together with the horses. At the same time these points are all essential even now. Tod Sloan observes them. They are not foreign to Lester and John Reiff, Thomas Burns, Winnie O'Connor and a host of other good ones that might be mentioned.

Pace must be taught the lad to make him a real, dyed-in-the-wool jockey. In the meantime he must of his own volition and natural aptitude become acquainted with the habits of the horse. He must learn to feel out the animal and tell about what amount of endurance there is in the horse. Of course, in no case would a jockey or rider be able to tell anything of a horse's condition or ability the first time he was placed upon him. The trainer alone is supposed to know this, but beyond his information there is something the boy must learn and something the trainer does not know. That is, at exactly the point the horse will begin to get tired. The boy feels this tiredness on the part of the horse and realizes it by intuition, but the trainer gets his information second-handed. Therefore, there are some

things on which the lad is better informed than the man who has the horse in training.

But there is another and most vital point to be considered, and that is the lad's nerve in a race. It would be folly to permit him to gallop a few horses about the track, be able to keep a firm seat and have control of a horse, and then start him in a race. He would in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be scared to death before he got away from the post. I doubt if he could get away at all, and if he did he would be liable to run his horse the wrong way a half mile or more before he discovered his mistake.

The trainer must send the boy along with a couple of others for a sort of an impromptu race. Other owners who are anxious to see what their two-year-olds will do will often agree to these little races between their horses, and thus the lad who has started in to become a jockey gets an insight into how to get off quickly and what to do when he is off. He has learned by constant riding just what to expect of the horse, and he will try his best to win.

Perhaps in two years the boy is ready to ride in a race, and he appears before the clerk of the scales, clad in all the gorgeous colors of the man in whose employ he is. As a general thing the trainer has given the boy the chance in order to get him accustomed to getting away from the post, for this is one of the most difficult feats he must be taught. There are boys on the track and riding every day now who will never learn this point, and they are daily betraying their ignorance, yet they secure mounts in some manner from ignorant trainers and owners.

When the lad is put up for his first race the horse is usually of an inferior class and is just put in the race in order to assist in getting both the boy and the horse in condition. But it may be that the boy is one of exceptional promise, that he has shown marked aptitude for the work, and has swept far ahead of the other exercise boys. In this case I would recommend, as in the case of Russell Ramson of late years, to put him on a superior horse and let him win his first race. This will give him confidence and make him believe that it is not such a difficult matter after all to win races if a boy exerts himself to his utmost. He begins to figure in the next race where he has a mount how to at least

come inside the money and assist his owner. This boy is interested. He has determined to become a jockey, and he is going to leave no stone unturned to accomplish that end.

But when he gets to the saddle, and is ready to go to the post with the instructions of the trainer ringing in his ears, he is, of course, all a-tremble. If the horse he has under him is a slow beginner, the lad is told to hurry him along into a good position and never get out of striking distance. Then to begin to make his run at the last quarter, no matter what the distance may be. As has been said before, he must avoid angles and get home the nearest way, as the trainers put it. If he runs wide at any turn, he has lost just that much ground.

I would not advise any boy to go out and set the pace if he can help it, save in short dashes. Then the start means everything on a poor horse. The trainer, however, must be the judge of this, and he must tell the boy just what the horse will be able to do. Then the rider knows he must take advantage of every opportunity to improve the chances of his mount. If he is an honest boy, he will do so.

Pockets are what are to be most carefully avoided for your own horse; but it is a very good idea, if you can do so, to so ride the inferior horse that you will be able to pocket the superior animal and win from him. But this is one of the tricks that the novice has not acquired. It will come to him later if he is observant. No trainer will be able to teach him this, for no two races are ever run exactly alike and under the same conditions. A horse may get off well placed, far in front or almost left at the post without regard to his speed, and there can be no set rules for playing a neat trick and winning on a dark horse or long shot. Circumstances govern all such cases, and the boy must judge for himself what is best to do.

I would suggest as a parting admonition that the boy keep as cool and collected as possible, never forgetting for a moment the capabilities of the horse under him, always watching what the others are doing and looking for a chance to forge ahead at the finish.

A boy to keep in condition should ride as often as possible. If he can ride six or ten races a week, it is all the better for him. The longer he remains on the ground the

worse it is for his ability, no matter how great he may become as a jockey. If he is not riding in public and getting paid for it, he should exercise in the mornings. Any owner would be glad to give him the chance. He should avoid the use of intoxicants, never smoke, chew tobacco or keep late hours. These are the drains that draw the life blood from the veins of a lad that might become great could he but overcome the evils.

In reducing weight purgatives may be used, sweaters put on producing violent perspiration, long walks and trots taken, and even the Turkish bath is made use of. But there is no especial method that will apply to all boys. Turkish baths are so frightfully weakening that I would not recommend this system to any one, but it is a vigorous and quick way of reducing the flesh.

Every jockey should try to be a gentleman, should be honest, sober and careful in all he does. If he adheres to these principles, he will leave behind him a name that his descendants may point to with pride. I would say in this connection that I believe Tod Sloan to be all this and more. There are others, however, and their names will live for many years after they have retired to enjoy the fruits of their early industry.

CHAPTER XIII.

How to Breed.

While racing has grown to almost stalwart proportions in the land of the free and the home of the brave, it must be admitted that breeding is not now carried on as judiciously as it might be. That is why the class of the horse is deteriorating.

In the olden times the breeders gave more attention to the subject than they do now, and they were more careful in their matings. When a man had a mare that was weak in one point he invariably bred her to a stallion that made up for this defect, and the result was that the progeny was brought forth in almost faultless condition.

This careful judgment has produced the horses of to-day that are winning the purses and stakes from one end of the continent to the other. I could name a hundred horses now that are useless simply because their breeding was defective. The idea seems to be to breed a mare to any stallion without regard to his or her temperament.

It is to this carelessness that the sturdy hardihood is being lost. The whole idea is to secure speed without regard to durability. If a horse is able to step out and win a few stakes, he is considered as having performed his part and the one for which he was intended. As a point in illustration I would mention the case of Halma, truly a fine animal. He is fine of form, as pretty as a picture, and is of royal blood. When he came down from Lexington to run for the Louisville Derby he was truly an animal fair to see, and every turfman who saw him fell in love with him. It was impossible for a man to look at this colt, see him work, notice his graceful movements, and then fail to at least have a desire to bet on his chances.

See what he did. He won the Louisville Derby without even extending himself, and when he passed under the wire he shook his black head with the air of a king. It is, therefore, no wonder that Julius Fleischmann, of Cincinnati,

one of the most enterprising turfmen of the country, purchased him and paid the liberal price of $25,000 for him.

Halma was a great performer on the turf for a few short months, and then he broke down under the terrific strain to which he was subjected. After becoming the property of Mr. Fleischmann he did not win a race of any consequence. He simply lacked the strength to stand the training. Had he been bred for strength as well as speed, he would have probably been one of the fastest and most successful horses on the turf. He would have earned his owner thousands of dollars and paid for himself a hundred times over. He is now in the stud, and his get are coming to the front through the judicious breeding of the proper kind of mares to him. Halma has the strains of the best blood in the land in his veins, and his progeny ought to further distinguish him.

Then there was Lieutenant Gibson, the son of lost Silk Gown. Gibson bade fair to become a grand race horse, for he had it in him to be one, but he lacked the strength that characterized his ancestors. Lieutenant Gibson won the Louisville Derby and then went wrong. He could not stand training.

These are only a couple of cases that occur to me at the present time, but there are a host of others that might be mentioned.

Then, on the same point, let us take the case of the mighty Ten Broeck. He was a racer of superior class. He left a record that for many years was unequaled, and there is not a turfman of to-day but remembers of his splendid battles for supremacy over the best horses of his time. Look at his get in the stud. But one or two succeeded. Bersan was a truly wonderful performer, as was Teuton and Tenstone.

The dam of Bersan was Belle Knight, a light, agile mare, full of fire and vigor. She was as fast as a flash of lightning and was just the kind of an animal that should have gone to his embrace. Lizzie Stone, the dam of Tenstone, had the same conformity and was full of speed. This was equally true in the case of Teuton. But, strange as it may seem, Ten Broeck got no others that were above the

mediocre class. Some of them won races, but they did nothing to attract especial attention.

The fault lies in the fact that no care was exercised in the mating. Heavy, bulky mares were bred to him, and he got a class of horses that inherited all the bad traits of the dams and but few of their illustrious sire's. The mistake was made in breeding Ten Broeck to such a class of mares The animals he should have had should all have been light, fast and vigorous. In the event the mare was of a vicious temperament or nervous to a marked extent, the docility of the sire would have offset this in the progeny. But every owner was anxious to breed his mare to Ten Broeck because he was a noted performer and because they thought it would add to the value of the produce if the Ten Broeck blood coursed through their veins.

A man having a mare that he desires to breed to a stallion must first take into consideration all the weak points of the mare herself. He must give them careful thought and must not omit a single detail. Then he should consider the points of the stallion. If his mare is gentle, speedy and a sprinter, he should select a stallion that is full of good temper and strength. This is necessary in order to get all of these requisites in the foal. Then the greatest discretion should be used in bringing together the sexes. Of course, the first thing needed is a groom who knows how to educate the stallion to approach the mare in a gentle manner. No man owning a stallion that is making a season should neglect this very essential point. He should use the utmost discrimination in the selection of the groom who is to have charge of the stallion.

When the stallion is brought out he should be perfectly broken. If he is a vicious and rushing animal, he should be held in check, so that the operation may be a natural one. If the mare is a timid creature, no matter how passionate she may be, the stallion may frighten her, and the result is frequently that she will slink. Then the groom should be able to judge whether or not she has caught. In the event he is unable to make a good prediction of her condition, he may breed her to another stallion when in reality she has caught by the first. Then the first or second stallion may have been too vicious, and the foal is lost.

I took a mare called Too Soon, a noted animal as a brood mare, and when I got her Dr. Warfield, of Kentucky, added a footnote to the bill of sale in which he said he believed the mare to be barren. I had looked her over and had come to the conclusion that she was not barren, but that the grooms who had managed her did not understand her. She was timid, and while she would accept any stallion at any time, she always went to him scared and full of nervousness.

Under my care she passed another year, and then she was bred to a stallion. I saw that he was well broken and watched the operation. I saw that she was not frightened and that she was not injured by the stallion. The result was that she produced a foal, and the next year she did the same. Never after that did she fail, and some of her produce made great reputations as race horses; for instance, Garrett Davis, Jim Watson and Calleroo, all of whom came afterward.

Another point that must be given consideration is the care of the mare after she has caught. She should not be kept in the quarters where she was formerly if there are other horses around. The groom should take her at least half a mile away, where there will not be the slightest odor of the operation through which she has just passed. She must be perfectly isolated. It is better not to let her see a horse or even a gelding, for it will make her more passionate than she was at the time in question. This state must now be gotten rid of, for the purpose has been accomplished and she is with foal. At the end of three days she will be herself again, and the result is that the foal she brings forth is sturdy and robust.

This is a matter that is not generally taken into consideration. Hundreds of foals have been lost or their value impaired by the groom in charge of the mare not knowing exactly what he should do. The mare ought to then receive the very best attention. This thing of scaring her, keeping her in the company of other horses during her pregnancy, and disregarding her comfort, may cause her to slink and perhaps injure her ability as a brood mare. One season of carelessness may ruin her for all time. Therefore, when a man pays from $50 to $250 for a stallion's services, he may

not only lose the money he has invested for the service, but he may lose the foal and the mare as well.

How many of the breeders of to-day are there who consider all these little intricacies? Not more than a dozen, to give a big margin. Of course, there are stock farms where such things are known all over the United States; but there are hundreds where they are not observed, and the result is that an inferior class of horses is produced, often where the mating has been perfect and good foals should have been obtained. I could mention many of these instances now, but I do not care to say anything against a man who is in the business for the purpose of earning a livelihood. A peculiar feature of it, too, is that this carelessness is observed in men above the average in intelligence. They think all that is necessary is for the stallion to receive the mare in his embrace and then return to the stable and go on with her usual work as if nothing had happened. Something has happened and another race horse is to be born into the world. Whether this animal shall be of high class depends wholly upon the treatment she receives at the hands of the groom who has her in his care.

To sum it all up, the mare's peculiarities, both bad and good, must be carefully gone over; then those of the stallion and lastly, but not least, the grooms handling both the animals must have been well instructed.

CHAPTER XIV.

How to Buy a Horse.

When a man concludes to purchase a horse for racing purposes there are many important points to be considered. Arriving at the scene of the sale, where there are a large number of yearlings offered, he looks carefully over the bunch.

If he is not a man who knows all there is to know about horses, he should have some one with him who is versed in such matters. This is necessary to avoid as far as possible the making of mistakes.

The first thing that should be done in the selection of a horse is to see that he is perfectly sound. The man offering him for sale should be made to walk and trot him up and down the street, paddock or place where the sale is held. It sometimes happens that a colt is injured in his infancy in such a way that the injury is not at first apparent because of the long rest he has had.

But it is there just the same and it will sooner or later be made manifest. Perhaps he may afterward slip and render himself perfectly helpless on account of this very injury.

Therefore, too much care can not be exercised in this respect. When the animal is trotted and walked about for some time an experienced eye is liable to detect it. However, the best of them frequently overlook such things and a poor animal is purchased. In the main such things are difficult to detect, but they are sometimes detected in time and much expense and annoyance is saved. The shape of a horse should also be considered. It should be seen that he has all the lines that indicate speed, endurance, docility of temperament and kindred accomplishments. Often it is the case that a most beautiful animal has but little speed. I have known of hundreds of such cases and could point them out, but it is hardly necessary in this connection.

Then, having seen that the colt is sound, gives promise of speed and seems desirable in every particular, the prospective buyer should inquire into his pedigree. He should

be certain whether the sire or dam were speedy, strong, faulty or liable to transmit any defects that would in after life mar his chances of being a breadwinner.

There are strains that inherit blindness, and this often creeps out in the fourth or fifth generation. I have known instances where this defect cropped out half a hundred years later. Many of the owners of these horses that became blind never knew what caused it and had them in the hands of a veterinary for months at a great expense to cure it, when in reality it was a hereditary taint in the blood, and some of their remote ancestors were afflicted in this way and handed it down to posterity.

Of course, a colt with all these natural and perceptible accomplishments will command a good price and he can not be bought for a song, but it is better to have one good horse in a stable than two dozen bad ones. The former will earn money enough to pay for his keep, and the chances are that the poor ones will not win a race often enough to keep them in corn. That is why I say to a man, "Buy a good horse."

Now, there are exceptions to every rule, and some of the best horses of the past century were sorry-looking yearlings and brought next to nothing. Men bought them and raced them and won with them; but this is not the general rule. A blind hog is apt to stumble upon an acorn in the forest, but his chances are very poor, and the wideawake, active, hustling hog is apt to get all there is in the way of eating.

But get a good horse, and then the mind naturally turns upon how to break him and put him in training to become useful.

Put a halter on him first and lead him about. Then when he has become somewhat accustomed to this a bridle should be placed on him. Again, he should be led about. Then a pad should be girded on his back, not tight enough to hurt him, but just enough to keep it in place. The idea of this is to get him used to having something on his back without being frightened.

About two days later a groom should go into the stable and take hold of the horse's head. Then the boy who is going to break him should be brought in and he should catch hold of the mane, pat the horse on the sides and lean against

him. This is done in order to accustom the horse to being touched, so it will not cringe and become frightened every time he is touched. It assists materially in breaking. Later, when the animal has lost some of his sense of fear, the boy is again brought in and the same operation is gone through. He knows the boy by this time, and the lad may be placed astride of him in the stall, with the groom holding his head all the time. He simply sits there motionless, patting the horse gently, now and then soothingly, and soon the quivering that was at first noticed in the sensitive animal's frame is observed to have vanished.

This is done from time to time for several days, and for a half hour at a time the boy is kept on his back. When several days have passed a gentle or broken horse is brought out and placed in front on the track. The colt to be broken is led out by the groom with the boy to whom he has become accustomed on his back. For an hour this is kept up, and by this time the horse is no longer afraid of the boy.

After the second day of this treatment a saddle is put on the horse, not girted too tightly, and the groom should lead him out of the stable to the track. The boy should be placed on his back, and the groom releases his hold on the bridle. Always a gentle horse should lead the way, for one horse will follow another much more quickly than he will walk alone. He may be walked a half mile and then trotted another half. Keep this up for some time in order to dispel as far as possible his sense of strangeness or fear. The boy must be taught not to dig his heels into the animal's sides, for this will as a matter of course irritate him.

By the end of a week he may be cantered over a portion of the track, but the boy should be instructed never to dismount without having some one hold the head of the animal. This is a most important matter, for oftentimes a horse becomes frightened in the very beginning by this action and never fully recovers from it.

During this treatment the horse should be rubbed gently and his feet taken up and picked out. All of this is an education to the colt. A cloth should be used in rubbing him, and it should be as soft as possible. He needs the best of attention at this period.

Another thing to be considered is the language used in stopping or starting a horse. In stopping him, if the groom or boy says "Whoa," he should always use just these same words in speaking to the horse. It becomes fixed in his mind and he knows what it means. A trainer should never forget this particular, for it is very helpful.

The horse's course should be reversed when he is out for exercise or training, so he will get acquainted with the meaning of the bridle rein. He should not be turned always the same way, for it is often the case that swinnie is produced by the constant turning on one shoulder. The muscles of the shoulder through sympathy shrink away.

Thirty days have passed and the colt is galloping. The distance of these canters may be lengthened from a mile to one and one-quarter miles. The sense of touch of the horse has by this time become so accustomed to handling that plates may be put on his feet. But in order to get him submissive to this treatment his feet should be picked out every day, as was at first begun.

Then the colt should not be kept in the rear. He should be permitted to go alongside the older horse, and after a time he should be galloped first on one side and then the other. This shows him that position does not count for much and he is not going to be injured. At this point on entering the track the colt should always be put in front of the old horse and walked around the place where the galloping is to be begun. He should be sent out in front and made to keep that position in order to prevent his becoming a bolter. Teach him to lead as well as follow.

The colt has caught his stride, and he ought to be sent out to make a run of about an eighth of a mile at a good rate of speed; but no effort should be made to make him go faster than a 2-minute gait. This should be kept up for several days.

The sixth week has been reached and the horse may be extended for a quarter of a mile. He is pretty well used to the changes and begins to realize what is expected of him. After he has gone a quarter of a mile several times at a good rate of speed, during which time he has been taught to go true and straight and not bolt about, he is about ready to show what there is in him. If he is not hurried, he will always go true and straight.

Then he may be extended to his best and given every opportunity to show what he can do. He is sent just an eighth this time. If he does not bear about by this time, he may show great speed or just an ordinary amount. Let two or three days go by and then give him this kind of a test again. The first two months, however, should always be worked fast in company with some other horse to lead him. Work him a quarter without forcing or hurrying him too much, and be careful that the ground over which he travels is perfectly smooth and that there are no holes or any obstacles to frighten or worry him.

At this stage the colt has been sufficiently advanced to get a half mile's speeding in 58 seconds or a minute flat. This is a 2-minute gait. This may be repeated at intervals of every four days for two or three weeks until he is in his eighth week. Now the horse is sufficiently learned to be able to take hold of the bit. At the end of this time give him a fast half mile, and afterward let him canter about gently, so that he will not lose his temper. Keep him slowly at work.

This terminates his training, and the owner may make engagements for him if he has shown sufficient promise. If he proves to be of no especial value, the best thing the owner can do is to get rid of him.

But if he proves to be good, he should be kept going, so he will not forget his training and the lessons that have up to that time been taught him.

All winter, if the ground is good, he should get work, and should be fed well to keep him high in flesh; but he ought not to be permitted to get gross. Only enough is necessary to keep him growing. This is the plan for a yearling, but it applies to a two-year-old. The latter is more mature and he may have a little more work, for he is able to bear up under it better than the yearling.

Colts that are put in training, if they are very fleshy, should be given lots of grazing. It makes them eat and feed better and cools them out, fills them with sap, and thereby they eliminate this lusty condition and are stripped of this superfluous flesh. Grass loosens this state of affairs and assists materially in the development of the animal.

CHAPTER XV.

The Noted Jockeys and Trainers.

While America leads all other countries on the face of the earth for her horses, she also leads in the class of her jockeys. She has given to the turf many of the princes of the saddle, and by their skill and intelligence they have recently electrified all England and France. There was probably never a year in the world's history that this fact was so exemplified as in the one just passed.

Sloan, the Reiffs, Jenkins, Maher, Thorpe, Terrell, Hamilton and a half dozen others are the wonder of the far Eastern world. They have introduced a new style of riding that the English, French, Australians, Russians, Austrians and Germans do not understand, for it is entirely at variance with all their established rules. Yet the system wins, and now the English boys are being taught the method. In a short time the American method will be adopted exclusively.

Probably the greatest jockey this country ever produced was Isaac Murphy. He was a brown-skinned negro lad, born in Kentucky, and rode many great horses. His first engagement was with the stable of Hunt Reynolds, who lived near Frankfort, Ky. Johnson & Churchill next secured his services, and he rode Ben d' Or, Little Ruffin and Sir Joseph Hawley for them, winning the majority of his starts. But with the string of Edward Corrigan, the "Master of Hawthorne," he made his reputation.

With him Murphy rode Modesty, the winner of the first American Derby; Freeland, who defeated the celebrated Miss Woodford; Riley and other good ones. Murphy was noted for his honesty, and could always be depended upon in any emergency. On one occasion, it is said, he was asked to pull a horse. He firmly declined, and no amount of money would tempt him to do wrong. "You will have to get somebody else to ride your horses after this," he said, and he could not be induced to ride for that man again. There was never so good a judge of pace as Murphy. He could tell within a fraction of a second just how fast he was

moving at every quarter. From one end of the country to the other he was famous, and every little boy who took any interest in racing knew of and had an admiration for Isaac Murphy. He was black of skin, but his heart was as white as snow, and when he passed under the string on the pale horse the old gentleman with the scythe tipped his hat politely and said: "Pass right into the parlor among the gentlemen angels."

James McLaughlin began his career with William Daly, commonly known as "Father Bill," who sold his services to Michael and Phil Dwyer, for $800. McLaughlin was white, but, like Murphy, he rode many distinguished horses and was noted for his skill in the saddle. He sat upon the backs of such celebrities as Hanover, Hindoo, Luke Blackburn and Inspector B., and often piloted them to victory. Jimmy was as honest as the day is long and was never accused of unfairness. If he ever pulled a horse or failed to do his best, I never heard of it. That is why he so enjoyed the confidence of the people, and a man who had a bet on one of McLaughlin's mounts knew he would get a run for his money and that if there was any chance for him to win McLaughlin would make the best of it. He is still alive at this writing and is a trainer of considerabie note.

"Snapper" Garrison was noted for his skill in finishing, and the "Garrison finish" is spoken of to this day. One hears it at cards and in nearly every walk of life, where a man succeeds in accomplishing his object at the moment when he had begun to despair. Garrison rode for the Dwyers and all the big turfmen of the East. The lad was sober, steady and courageous, and his friends never lost confidence in him. Finally, he became so heavy that he was forced to retire from the saddle. He tried in vain at the end of his career to make the weight, but could not do so, and it is said he actually broke down and wept when he found that he must stop. Garrison did not possess the qualifications of a trainer, and he is spending the last days of his life in quietude.

Fred Tarel began as a rider with Dan Honig, of St. Louis. He distinguished himself in the East and won many great races. One of them was the victory of Dr. Rice in the Brooklyn or Suburban—I have forgotten exactly which it was.

Bob Swim was with Dr. Weldon at St. Louis. Then he secured employment with Price McGrath, where he had the mounts on Aristides, Tom Blowline and Calvin when they won such remarkable victories. There was a time when Bobby drove cattle through the streets of St. Louis, and Dr. Weldon noticed him riding through the city and took a fancy to him. That is how he became a jockey, and when he won the Kentucky Derby with the "little red horse," Aristrides, for Price McGrath he was the idol of all Kentucky.

Frank Jordan's career was a short one, but it was eminently successful. He started in at riding quarter horses down in the Indian Nation, and then drifted into the legitimate turf. When he went to St. Louis he became noted as one of the best riders that ever threw a leg over a horse. He bears the distinction of having paid one of the biggest fines ever assessed on the American turf. It was produced by alleged disobedience at the post, although the general opinion is that he was fined because he was breaking all the books at the track. So well did the lad manage his mounts that all the public wanted to know was what horse Jordan was riding, and then they would put their money down on his chances without regard to form. Little Jordan walked deliberately into the stand where the judges were standing and counted out the money without a word of comment. It was afterward recovered; but the lad showed he was game to a wonderful degree, and the public fairly idolized him. He rode Queenie Trowbridge in a race in New York and won $200,000 for McCafferty & Wishard. They had arranged for a grand killing, and they certainly made it.

Tommy Burns started in with Tom Hearn and was very successful, but he has always had a hard time getting along with the owners for whom he rode. Afterward he rode for John Schorr and Burns & Waterhouse. A good judge of pace and a careful general, he has won many races and is a most useful lad.

Charley Thorpe is a good jockey and is noted for his honesty to his employers. One may always depend that he will do his best. He is now riding in Australia. Originally he came from the wilds of Nebraska, and the first good horse he ever rode was Belle K. Several owners had fixed

up a race and arranged that Gen. Rowett was to win it. The men placed every cent they could raise upon Gen. Rowett, because they believed he was the best. The owner of Belle K. agreed to place Belle K., but he had not calculated on the honesty of Thorpe. The boy positively refused to have anything to do with the scheme, and he went in and won with his mount. "It broke us," said the gentleman who relates the incident, "but it shows the boy was honest."

Alex. and George Covington are two of the best boys that ever sat in a saddle, and it will be a long time before they are forgotten in the turf world. A nice little incident is related of George Covington to show his thoughtfulness and freedom from that peculiar disease commonly termed "swelled head." George rode Strathmeath and won the great American Derby with him. After the race, in which thousands of dollars were won and by which Covington's store was greatly added to, he split the kindling and made the fire to heat the water for the purpose of cooling the horse out. In England Alex. distinguished himself, and is also a trainer and owner.

John Spillman was a noted jockey of his day and was very popular. He was killed in a fight in the East and a great career was cut short.

William Martin is now too heavy to ride, but only a few years ago he stood among the best. He has always been noted for his cool judgment and good generalship. In San Francisco he scored his greatest triumphs and won thousands of dollars. Unlike most jockeys, he saved his money and is now comfortably fixed.

Of course, the mighty James Todhunter Sloan must not be forgotten. He came from a little town in Indiana. His brother, Cash Sloan, was in St. Louis, riding, and Tod ran away from his adopted parents and went to Missouri. There his first engagement was as cook for Col. Johnson, who owned Jim Douglas. Afterward he became an exercise boy. After the hardest kind of a struggle he fought his way up, and after a time he was considered good enough to ride at the old Southside outlaw track. Then he branched out and climbed to the highest pinnacle of pigskin fame. When fortune smiled upon him and when he was worth thousands he returned in truly regal style and made his foster parents

happy. The little town fairly worships the lad, and he stands as high with them as does the President of the United States. In fact, they would be willing to run Tod for that office if they thought he would accept the nomination.

Danny Maher is a clever little fellow who came to the front a short time ago in the East, and is now in England, astonishing the slow-going Britons by his up-to-date methods in the saddle.

John Wishard is in England and is training the horses of Richard Croker.

"Soup" Perkins was once a noted negro jockey of Kentucky, and two of the Derby winners passed under the wire first under his skillful guidance. He became too heavy to ride and retired, having quite a fortune. "Soup" does not know how to read or write, and it is said that when he retired he went home to the little cabin where he lived with his parents. They were very poor and his father had never had a good suit of clothes up to that time. Some one suggested that "Soup" fix the old man up a bit. He bought his father the loudest suit of clothes the market afforded and provided him with a watch nearly as large as a loaf of bread. From the old man's vest pocket there dangled a massive chain, and in his high hat he looked the swell negro sport. "Soup" attired himself in a similar manner, and when the two paraded the streets of Lexington they attracted all sorts of attention.

Eddie Dominck is one of the best riders of to-day and is always adding to his laurels.

Winnie O'Connor is certainly a wonder, and he stands among the best in the country.

Willie Shaw rides for Pittsburg Phil, and it is to his success in the saddle that Phil owes much of the money he has won during the past two seasons.

Joe, Hunter, Dave, Harry and Eli Vittatoe are five lads of one family that are riders, and good ones, too. Hunter was considered to be an excellent judge of pace.

Johnny Bullman is a great favorite wherever he rides, and the owner he rides for always gets the best there is in the horse.

Willie Sims was one of the best jockeys of his time, and he rode many winners in Derbies and stake events.

Willie Newcom is a handsome little fellow who has had considerable success as a rider. He is honest, straightforward and clever at his business.

Willie Dale is a boy who is going to make his mark on the turf.

Roscoe Troxler is one of the best boys that ever bestrode a thoroughbred. His brother Johnny is a good rider and a fine trainer.

James Beauchamp is fast getting to the front and is a good rider.

George Cochran comes of a race of riders, and his relatives have always distinguished themselves on the turf. Little George is going to be a great man some day.

There are hundreds of other riders who might also be mentioned, but they have not aspired to the highest honors and have been content to win a race now and then. They are all good boys, however, and some of them may be surprises.

I have neglected to speak of Johnny Mooney, of St. Louis, a boy who is now too heavy to ride, but was once noted for his cleverness in the saddle.

Some of the men as trainers of horses who have figured most prominently in making turf history, in both the old and the modern school, appear to me at this time—I mean representative men, who in every feature of their business added "lustre," if not greater confidence, national and international, in the high and refined motives which have at all stages influenced the gentlemen at the head in management of the American turf. If I were to attempt to enumerate all who are worthy to be recorded in this list, it would be quite as long as the moral law; therefore, I will confine my remarks in mentioning but a few of the more prominent in both schools. The old school abounded in such men as Arthur Taylor, Captain John Belcher, Boston, trainer; both of these were from Virginia, and came up in the Wm. R. Johnson School; Bob Wooden, George R. Walden, Bony Young, John Alcock, of whom there is a pretty little story told as follows in connection with Mr. Wm. R. Johnson, who was once running his celebrated horse Duane against a horse that had been trained by young Alcock, and was but little known at that time, but afterwards became famous; but a

rumor got circulated that Alcock's horse was entirely too fat or high in flesh and could not possibly run any. Johnson, hearing and confiding too in this rumor, bet very heavily on Duane, but lost, and Alcock won at the termination of the last heat. As Johnson was casually passing by where Alcock stood cooling out his horse, together with a number of distinguished gentlemen friends of Alcock's stable, Johnson called young Alcock, at the same time saying: "I have a bug to put in your ear; I learned that your horse was a little too fat during the last day or two and in consequence of that rumor I am twenty-five thousand dollars poorer to-day than I was yesterday. Now, my advice is to you to always keep him just a little too fat, but please let me know of it hereafter when you have him that fat, and I shall be under many obligations to you."

This list were all from Virginia; there never was an adverse rumor about any one of them: Lee Paul, Thomas Paterson, Mat Davis, Gerome Edgar, James Davis, trainer of Jim Bell; Munk Fowler, Buck Elliot, Buck Franklin, Sandy Bames, Henry Welch, William McCormick, James McCormick, Isaac Vanleer, old man Ansel, old Charles, who became famous when he trained Wagener, and Charles Carter, Edward Harrison, Joe Porter, John Hamon, Benjamin Pryor, Addison Small, Washington Graves, Thomas G. Moore, Wilson Teasdal, and the late Capt. William A. Stewart, than whom I never knew an abler or more capable man with every and all classes of horses, nor have I ever known any horseman who was held in anything like such general esteem for his many estimable qualities. Amongst the men who have risen to prominence since the last half of the eighteenth century as trainers of credit and ability, and whose records can be said to be emulous, it may suffice to give a short list, as time and space are inadequate to do more at this time of writing. The late Ephraim Snedica, William Brown of Parole fame, Barney Reily, Matthew Burns, Franklin McCabe, Mr. Charles Patison, Mat Dun, Pat Dun, Red Bill, William McDaniel, Henry McDaniel, William Lakeland, John Huggins, Jacob Pincus, James McLoflin, Charles Mulholland, Peter Wiemer, Jackson Joiner, Thomas Welch, Brown Dick, Preston West, and last but by no means least Mr. James Row, as I know no man of his

experience who has superior talents in his business in any country on the globe, diligent, sagacious and incorruptible—in fact, he is the brightest pebble on the beach; Thomas Sayers, Jr., a natural son of the once famous English pugilist of the same name and of John C. Heenan fight fame; Col. David McDaniel of Harry Basit, Katie Pease, Springbock fame; the noted John Harper, breeder and owner of Tenbroke and Longfellow; the late Jackson Minor, who trained the great horse Kentucky for the late Mr. August Belmont, Sr.; Mr. Charles Littlefield, who rode Kentucky in his races and trained the great Preakness, Monarkist, Mate, Hegara, Brigand and others; that gentle best of fellows, Henry Avis, of the firm of Avis & Mulky, of Kansas City, Missouri; John Morris, who trained for Mr. George Long, of Louisville, Kentucky, than whom there is no cleverer a gentleman; Mr. Robert Tucker, who trained many good horses for the late Col. Sam Brown, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Green B. Morris, who is in a class by himself; Mr. Wm. Scully, late of Kentucky, but now of Sheepshead Bay, Coney Island; Mr. John Lowe, of Sheepshead Bay, Coney Island; Mr. H. R. Brandt, who trains for Mr. Barney Schreiber.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Greatest Plungers.

Ever since there has been betting in the world there have been plungers, as the outside world calls them—men who were not afraid to take a chance and bet their money. A peculiarity of the matter is that the majority of them have been gentlemen, and there was scarcely a one who did not have a first-class education. Of course, there are exceptions, but they were few and far between.

Pre-eminent among them was the late Col. W. R. Johnson. He was a man who stood among his fellows as a tall blade of grass in a barren field. There was not a man who ever met him but was convinced of the superiority of his worth. He came of one of the best families in the South, was always noted for his sterling probity, and the whole Southern and Northern world worshiped at his shrine.

Suave of manner, an amusing entertainer, gentle of deportment, ready to resent an insult, and a man of the old school, where every man's rights must be respected, he stood the highest among the high and mighty of his day. There is no turfman of the present day but will take off his hat to the memory of such a man.

Yet Col. Johnson was one of the greatest plungers of his time, and, by the way, there has been no man up to this date who has excelled him in those qualities which go to make up a plunger. He sometimes wagered as much as $75,000 on a single race, and whether he won or whether he lost it was not perceptible in his manner. There are few such men in the world, and it has been often said of him that "nature broke the mold." Born in Virginia, he inherited all that rich strain of Southern blood that believes in giving to every man his rights and exacting from every man his own meed. It was Col. Johnson who made all the great matches of the ancient times, and it was his active mind that brought about the contests between the North and South, where for the most part the natives of his own section were successful.

It has been said that in the stable of Col. Johnson there was not a horse but had a claim to distinction. In any event, he matched them with the greatest success for many years, and the Northern people nearly always suffered by the contests.

A plunger must be a bundle of nerves and filled with discrimination to the utmost degree. Col. Johnson was more than this. He was always the urbane gentleman under whatever circumstances he found himself. I have said this about one of the greatest turfmen the world ever produced for the reason that I knew him, knew his descendants, respected and loved them, and I feel that I can not say a word in this respect, paying a tribute to one of Nature's noblemen, that would be an untruth.

James McLaughlin, of New Orleans, was one of the heaviest bettors in the South during his time. When he thought he had a chance he was always willing to take it. He wagered thousands on a single race, and whether he won or lost he never lost his temper. Then there was Charles Riley, from New York. He was as game a sport as ever opened a bottle of wine after making a big winning, and he was opening them all the time. Riley started South after every big meeting in the fall and spent his summers in the land where the cool and inviting palmetto holds out its inviting shade and where the soft winds of the Gulf Stream fan the fevered brow.

One of the prettiest stories connected with plunging on the turf is the history of Charles, better known as "Riley," Grannan. He was born near Lexington, in the State of Kentucky, and received but a meager education. When his father's farm was mortgaged, and he had tried in vain to secure employment in the county, he packed up his few belongings and went to Louisville. Grannan had been a never-do-well and he had learned no trade. His parents had permitted him to grow up around the stables and his mind was filled with the doings of horses instead of the doings of men.

He cared no more for history—at least that part of it that relates to the human family—than does a wild animal about the Ten Commandments. He just grew up wild—like Topsy in the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But

everybody had a liking for "that Grannan boy," and there was no one to say a word against him. It was generally known that his family was in bad straits, but no one thought of "Riley," as he was called, as the one destined to bring the needed relief. This was not because he was a bad boy, for such was not the case. Charles Grannan was then and is to-day the soul of honor.

But to return to the thread of the story. He left his little home in Lexington, and a fond mother probably shed many a tear over him as he went away, but he declared that when he returned to them he would bring them money and happiness in abundance. Some of the more pessimistic of the neighbors sneered and scoffed at the idea of "Riley" ever amounting to anything. He was a diamond in the rough, and they did not know it.

Going to Louisville, the country boy who had spent the best part of his life about the stables of Lexington could find out little to do. What there was proved to be of such a character that he did not feel able to undertake it. By and by he was reduced to ten cents. This was the sole capital he had in his possession. Walking into the saloon of George Hess, a man who kept a place on Sixth street, between Jefferson and Green, at the time, he called for a glass of beer and a cigar. These he paid for and he was then penniless.

Leaning across the counter, he became engaged in conversation with Mr. Hess.

"Do you ever bet on the races?" he asked Mr. Hess.

"Yes, sometimes," was the reply.

"Well," said the country lad with that confidence that characterizes men who have always dealt with honest men and suspect nobody, "I have come to this town to borrow $700 from some man who bets on the races."

Mr. Hess smiled, and well he might, but he was interested in the unsophisticated youth.

"What is your scheme, lad?" he asked.

"I'm going to pick six winners for him to-morrow, and then he will trust me," was the confident reply.

Mr. Hess looked at the truthful face, and he thought he would take a chance. Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand men out of a million might have called and said the

same thing, and if they had persisted Mr. Hess would have sent for a policeman.

That night "Riley" Grannan, the penniless Lexington country boy, slept with the saloon keeper. The next morning they went around to the Turf Exchange, the pool room of the town, and saw the entries for the foreign races. Grannan made notes of them, and in the afternoon they went back.

"What about this first race, boy?" asked Hess.

"Play this one," said Grannan, "and put about $100 on him."

He pointed out a long shot. Hess hesitated, but he put a $10 bill down. The odds were long and no one thought the animal had a chance. He won, and the capital of the saloon keeper was added materially to. He wanted the young fellow to go and get a drink with him on the strength of their victory, and this is what Grannan said, as told the writer by Mr. Hess himself:

"I thank you, Mr. Hess, but a man who has any business to attend to has no business drinking. I need all the nerve I can muster, and drinking will injure it. As you have been accustomed to taking a drink occasionally, you do it, but I want nothing. I will figure out the next race for you."

He went to work on the matter, and when they left the pool room that evening they had won six races and not lost a bet.

The next day was a repetition of the first, Grannan refusing to take a cent of the winnings.

"What do you want?" said Hess finally.

"I am after $700," said Grannan.

"Here it is," said Hess. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Go to California and make a book on the races with it," said the Lexington rustic.

"Go on," said Hess, knowing his money was in the hands of an honest man.

Grannan went away and spent the winter. When he returned he divided $42,000 with Mr. Hess, making it share and share alike. Then he went back to the Bluegrass capital, the place the Kentuckians are wont to say with pardon-

able pride is so close to heaven that they can sometimes hear the harps of the angels as they gather at the beautiful river and offer up peons of praise.

By this time the old folks had moved from the old farm where so many of the Grannans had been born for ages past and were renting a small place not far away. "Riley," the never-do-well, bought the old farm back, and he went further and bought the place where the family was then living. Sending a man to the house ahead of him to tell them the farm had been sold, he waited to give his parents a joyful surprise. The man told the old couple the farm had been sold and that the new owner wanted immediate possession. Of course, Mr. Grannan, Sr., and his estimable wife were plunged in the depths of despair.

"By the way," said the messenger, "here is the new owner."

And then the black sheep walked in. Of course there was an affecting scene, and when the deeds giving her the property were placed in the hands of Mrs. Grannan her joy knew no bounds. It would be sacrilege to describe such a scene, but I mention the incident to show you that a man may be a gentleman at heart and poor in purse.

Afterward Grannan lost and won probably $2,000,000. Then his health failed him, for he was never stout, and he went to Europe There he lost all the money at Monte Carlo that he had made on the block in this country, and once more he was forced to return to America. Now he is said to have amassed a competency and is in the East endeavoring to get well and once more show the turfmen who laid the rail. Grannan is the man who while on the block probably took the largest bet that has been recorded in modern times. It was during the celebrated race between Domino and Henry of Navarre.

"I wish to place a bet on Henry of Navarre," said Michael Dwyer.

"Very well, sir; you are on," said the suave little Grannan. "How much?"

"About $21,000," was Dwyer's response.

"Make out this ticket," said Grannan to his sheet writer. "Any more of the same kind, Mr. Dwyer?" he asked.

"That's enough," was Dwyer's response, and ever since that time Dwyer has had the greatest respect for the nervy little Kentucky boy who wears no mustache and does not look to be out of his teens.

Of course, every one has heard of the famous Dwyer Brothers and of their almost phenomenal success upon the American turf. There is hardly a schoolboy who will not recognize the name. They have always been noted for their gameness and judgment. Mike Dwyer has few equals on the race tracks to-day who are judges of speed and condition. He has made and lost several colossal fortunes, and he is still alive and he may win and lose many more.

But it may be interesting in this connection to mention how the famous Pittsburg Phil got his start. The story was told me by the man who devised the scheme, and I have every reason to believe it to be true.

Pittsburg Phil was only a poor cigarmaker who made an occasional bet. He formed the acquaintance of John B. Hill and "Pinky" Botay at Monmouth Park. Hill was the genius of the trio, and he informed the two others that he believed he had a system that would beat the races and beat them all the time. The others were ready to listen, but they had but very little money. Then Hill unfolded to them his plan. He went on to explain that they should watch every race for a week and get a line on the horses. One was to go to the half, another to the three-quarters and the third was to remain at the wire. They were to watch all the horses carefully and see whether they had gotten good starts, been interfered with, and what was the matter with them that they did not win.

Several days of this kind of work showed them that there was one horse that was superior to any of his company, but he had always met with accidents and had never had a chance. They waited, held a conference with the boy who was going to ride him, gave him some advice, and then they invested all their capital on his chances. He was a long shot and he won handily. This gave the three celebrated plungers their starts in life. Pittsburg Phil and Botay have nearly all they made, but Hill has dissipated his money, and he said once that he doubted if either of the other two would be willing to assist him if he was in the direst want. Yet

this is the man who furnished the brains originally for the enterprise.

I might go on and mention a half hundred men who are noted for their nerve on the turf, but these will probably suffice. I ought not to close, however, without saying something concerning my old friends Dick Roche and Bob Pate. In the whole country there are probably not two gamer men than these. They are ready to hazard their last dollar on any kind of a proposition and are gentlemen of the old school. When they cash in their last stacks to the Grim Banker, I want to be able to write on the scrolls for them:

"Here lie two honest men."

CHAPTER XVII.

Waning of the Gray.

The decline of the gray horse on the race track is worthy of some attention, for it forcibly impresses one who considers such things. There was a time when the gray animal was a mighty power on the race track, but that time is passed, and the pale-hued equine is noted not simply for his scarcity.

Once they were the kings and queens of the turf, and once they pulled down the greatest purses and stakes. Slowly the decline began, and the stock gradually faded away.

Among the earliest of the gray ones was Gray Diomed, a great racer and sire. His fame was widespread and he distanced most of the horses of his day. It was considered very desirable to mate a mare to this stallion, and his get invariably proved winners.

Next might be named the famous mare Andrewetta, who beat the celebrated Boston on the Broad Rock track and made the best time of the day. Her performance was looked upon as nothing short of marvelous.

Then came Gamma, a Tennessee-bred mare, who was very fast and beat many good horses at from three to four miles.

Gray Eagle was in the class of this color, and his fame was spread from the Canadas to the Gulf. He it was who took the measure of many great ones and was the pride of old Kentucky.

Gray Medoc, by old Medoc, was celebrated for his victory over Altof and the other notables of his time. He got nothing very noted in the stud, but some of his produce were fair race horses.

A distinguished horse of his time was Gray Tyrant. He was one of the first horses owned by John Harper. In seven heats he was at length beaten by Rally, who was owned by John M. Clay. The race took place at Versailles

and is on record there as one of the notable racing events. The writer rode Rally at the time.

Kite was bred by James K. Duke in Kentucky and won some good races. He was not a great horse, but he was a consistent performer.

One-eyed Joe came from the green fields of Virginia and was bred by Col. James Tally. He was a winner at all distances and was regarded as a very formidable animal.

Little Arthur was by Glencoe and was owned in Tennessee by Bill Cheatham. He was a fair race horse, but did nothing particular in the stud.

One of the great ones was Lightning, a celebrated horse belonging to Boyden & Chinn. He was a sire of note.

His full brother, Thunder, did some good work on the track and left behind him a scant progeny.

Two other full brothers were Lodestone and Thunder, who did well and made quite a reputation, but they got nothing in particular.

Gray Fannie was celebrated as a dam, but she was not especially fast.

Bill Bass was owned by Gen. Price, of Missouri, and was just a fairly good animal.

Gabriel was very fast at one and one-quarter miles and could show his heels to some of the speediest racers there were on any track. He had more sense, according to horsemen, than any other animal that ever stepped upon a track. It is claimed that he always watched to get the best of the start at the post and had his eyes fixed on the others, looking for the slightest attempt to break. Then he knew and realized to the fullest extent just what was expected of him. It was his desire to always come first under the wire, and he might be depended upon from start to finish to do his level best.

Sallie Ward, Jr., was a gray mare owned by Richard Ten Broeck. She was taken into Canada, and the writer rode her in some of the best races there. There were few who could beat her when she was extended. This mare won thousands of dollars for her owner and was considered one of the best of her time.

Reel was one of the grandest of the grays. She was a mare that could go all distances, and there were few that

could even get within striking distance of her. She left the track, where she had made herself famous by her wonderful bursts of speed, and went into the stud. There she produced some of the grandest performers that the world has ever known.

Ann Dunn, her daughter, bade fair to become a wonder; but she met with an accident when she was three years old that caused her death. At New Orleans she had won the first heat, when she slipped and fell, breaking both her forelegs. Her owner was forced to kill her, and when he did so he lost a valuable property, for there was every reason to believe that she would become as fast, or nearly so, as her famous dam.

Jig was owned by Col. Kirkman in Alabama, and was a fair performer and worthy of having in any man's string.

Lilac was not a very fast mare, but she was a good producer. In the early part of her career she slipped on the ice and so severely injured herself that she never fully recovered. But for this unfortunate accident she might have made her mark as a performer. Her hind quarters were partially paralyzed.

Gray Cloud was bred by Gen. Rowett, of Illinois, and was afterward purchased by Noah Armstrong, who ran him with success, winning a number of stakes. He liked the mud and rarely lost when the going was to his liking. Much might be said on this particular subject regarding this celebrated horse, but Gray Cloud was a good one and was able to impress the beholder wherever he was raced.

Little Blue was bred and owned by John Harper. From one to three miles he was especially good and won many races for his owner, who prized him very highly for his consistency.

Josh was bred in Kentucky by Webb Ross and won many races, being a full brother to Bob Schnell, or the Dutchman, who was a celebrated three-year-old.

Sarah Miller was a famous mare of her time, and she won a great many rich stakes and purses.

Falcon was a full sister to Gray Eagle and was the great grandam of the mighty Hanover. She did little on the track, but was distinguished for her progeny.

Ophelia was the dam of Falcon and Gray Eagle and but little is known of what she did on the track as a performer. Her claim to distinction lies in her produce, which was numerous.

Grisette traces back to the Dance family, and produced some good animals. She was only a fair performer.

The majority of the grays that have been trained proved good horses, and there are few of the color that have proved to be total failures. They are noted for their consistency as performers and for their remarkable speed and endurance. There has hardly been one of them that could not go any distance and always be depended upon to do his or her level best.

The general opinion is that this gray color was obtained from early Arabian crosses, and on the desert it was much sought after by the Bedouins, who needed speed more than anything else in their marauding trips across the arid plains. A great many of the Arabs were nearly milk-white, with black spots. Fysall, the last importation by Keene Richards, of Georgetown, Ky., came from Arabia and was as white as snow, with a few black spots cropping out here and there. He was never trained and came here as a stallion for the brood farm. It is claimed for this animal that he was the purest of all the Arabs, but he did not succeed to any extent. Mr. Richards spent five years in Arabia learning the Arabian language, so as to be able to understand and talk with the sheiks of the desert, in order to get the very best of the animals they had. The natives were so enraged that, when he started to leave with his purchases, they followed him across the desert and made him give up some of the horses he had bought.

The most probable cause for the decline of the gray horse is the breeding and intermixing with the more predominant colors, such as browns, bays and blacks. Thus the further that we breed away from the Arab the further we go toward extinguishing this color. Now and then one crops out that bears the pale hue, but they are few and far between, and the tendency is toward the ending of this color as race horses. I do not mean by this that there are no gray horses amounting to anything on the turf, but only seek to show that he is not so numerous as he was at one time

Every year there is a fair gray horse or mare on the turf, and some of them have won purses in latter days. But there have been no stake horses of any consequence for many years.

It is possible, but not probable, that a return to this consistent color will ever be made. However, it may be a century before the color is entirely stamped out. Now it seems that the tendency is in this direction.

The Arabs brought here by Keene Richards all proved failures, although they were bred to such mares by imp. Glencoe as Blonde, Miss Duke, Peytona. From the latter probably came the best of the get, Transylvania, who ran one mile in 1:48 and could not repeat this performance. They were also crossed to the very best Wagner and Medoc mares, who were succeeding to the native stallions. The famous Lux was bred to one of them and produced a little, scrawny fellow who could do nothing whatever.

Perhaps the greatest of all the grays was the famous gray mare Ariel, by American Eclipse, who lost the $20,000 match (three-mile heats) to Flirtilla, Jr., by Sir Archie, over the Union Course, Long Island, this being one of the many famous matches made and run between the North and the South. The latter section being victorious in this contest, people from every State in the Union traveled, some of them for weeks, on horseback to be present at this great race, where thousands of dollars changed hands through the admirers of these two champion mares on the result of this great match. Whilst they did not think Ariel's condition on this occasion was just what it should have been—and she got beat—yet this great mare, during the time she was on the track, met and defeated nearly every horse, mare or gelding of any repute, and at all distances. She traveled from Long Island to the Gulf and back by land, more than four thousand miles. Frequently, during this trip, at night, when she would be stopped at some point to rest, after a hard, irksome day's travel, she would often be without shelter of any kind, save perhaps the buff of a tree on the roadside and the canopy of the heavens. And now, with all of our grand improvements, both in horses and in all racing matters, which no sane person will dispute, yet the author has to pause and think

whether or not we, in this great age of progress in turf matters, have not lost some of the great hardihood, if not other valuable property, that the best horses of those days had.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tales of the Turf.

At this juncture several little anecdotes of incidents that have come under my observation on the turf occur to me. I know a turfman is always ready to listen to anything that is entertaining or amusing concerning a horse and racing.

It happened after the war, say about 1866, at Lexington The spring races had begun and there was a gray and a sor. rel in a race. I have forgotton their names now, for they were of mediocre ability and have never been heard of since. Therefore, their names are of no importance. The gray was the favorite and everybody thought he had only to step over the track and claim the purse. Several bookmakers were at the side of the track, taking bets, and were getting wagers on all the horses in the race except the sorrel.

Col. John Morrison, a prominent gentlaman of St. Louis at the present time and one of the cleverest fellows on earth, whom everybody knows and everybody likes, was then but a youth, but he was born in old Kentucky and naturally possessed a love for the thoroughbred. He stood at the ring-side, watching the bets being put down on the gray. Suddenly an inspiration struck him, and, walking up to the leading bookmaker, he said :

" What odds will you give on the sorrel?"

"I'll make it a hundred to one sonny," said the bookmaker, patronizingly. " How much do you want?"

" Ten dollars worth," said Col. Morrison, not to be bluffed.

The horses were sent to the post, and something suddenly went wrong with the gray. He had the race at his mercy and could have won easily over the field had he been in fix. His withdrawal left the bets as they were, and the start was made. The sorrel was full of speed and no one knew it. " He just stepped out and made the others trail under the wire behind him. Col. Morrison collected $1,000 from the bookmaker, and as he handed it out the latter said :

" Say, how did you know that sorrel was going to win?"

"Oh, I know everything," was the suave response, and the lad went away, leaving the bookmaker greatly mystified. He always believed afterward that a job had been fixed up on him.

In this connection another little incident comes to me that shows the quick repartee of the old-time Southern negro and at the same time his respectfulness. There was a white man at the track whom a negro had offended in some way. It was nothing serious and there was really no reason for the man's display of violent anger when they met on the track.

"I'm going to whip the life out of you," said the white man, preparing to make good his words.

"Boss," replied the negro, innocently," ef yous is gwine ter do hit please don't do it on de race track. Anywhar else an' I won't say a word."

"Why not on the race track?" asked the man becoming interested in spite of himself.

"Case, said the negro, "on de race track all men air ekul. Dat is, dar air two place whar day air ekul. One air on de turf an' de othah air under de turf. So you done see you cain't hit me heah wif de propah kerspec' ter youse'f."

Of course, this caused a laugh, and the result was that the man forget his anger, handed the negro a dollar to buy himself some gin, and they parted the best of friends.

I remember once standing in the grandstand at the Louisville course, beautiful Churchill Downs. There was an old negress not far away from me. It was a long time until the races were to begin, but I had gone there early in order to see some friends, and I became weary of waiting. So, as a matter of diversion, I turned my attention to the old woman.

"Aunty, why are you out here?" I asked. "You are surely not going to bet away the money you have worked hard for all winter."

"No, indeedy," was the pompous response. "I wucks too hard for my money ter gib hit ter er ole gamler. I air heah for de puppus er seein' my Mose, dat's whut."

"Ah! Your fellow."

"No, hits not my fellar; hit's my boy, Mose."

"Tell me about him," said I, becoming interested.

"Well, you done sees," she said, earnestly, "I allus knowed dat air boy war gwine ter make his mahk even when he war er little bow-legged thing in my ahms. So when he growed up to be 'bout ten yeahs ole er gemman comes erlong an' gets me ter let Mose learn ter ride race horses. I says all right an' I hain't seed de bressed child sense.

"He's been erway in de East or somewhar wif his marstah, an' dat boy's been learning ter ride. Yistiddy I heard dat de stable war come back ter Loosville an' a cullud gemman whut I knows tells me Mose air air gwine ter ride one er de hosses in de race. De gemman says dat dis air de fust time dat Mose evah sot on a hoss in er race an' I wants ter see dat air boy come in ahead. De same culled gemman tells me dat Mose air on er winnah an' dat he am a very long shot."

"What stable is it?" I asked, and she informed me of the name of the owner. I then looked on the program and found the very horse in question. Just for luck I placed a small bet on the horse afterward, and then went over to where the old woman stood leaning against the railing of the grandstand. I told her when the horses came to the post and pointed out the one on which Mose sat. She was delighted and was trembling all over as she watched him, as proud of that little bunch of ink as any mother in the land. Finally, the start was made and she became anxious for him to win.

I stood near and I heard her shout from time to time as Mose was leading. At the three-quarter she gave a groan of despair as another horse moved up from the rear and joined the leader. She thought it was all over. Down the stretch the two horses sped neck and neck. The old woman was almost frantic. She waved her hands in the air and shouted at the top of her voice: "Come on, you Mose; don't you see yoah mammy's watchin' you?"

Within twenty yards of the wire Mose forged ahead and won by a neck, but the old woman did not at once understand which had won, and she asked me. When I told her she let out a yell that shook the rafters. Afterward I walked down to the scale room, where the boy was, and got him and brought him up to his mother. It was truly an affecting sight to see her fondle the boy who had just won that

race. It would have broken her heart had he lost, and they mingled their tears in front of 6,000 people.

A gentleman whose ancestors were in the procession that crossed the Red Sea in the days of Pharoah and Moses is among my acquaintances. He keeps a clothing store, but he has sporting blood in him, and there was never a day one season that he did not come to me and whisper in my ear: "Haf you anyding goot, mine dear frient?" I gave him two or three tips that I thought well of and he played them and won. But after a time it became monotonous to have him haul me out of crowds where I was talking with some gentlemen and ask the same question. By this time it had got so that he came to me after every race and wanted information. He would often drag me off into dark places, under the steps or in the recesses. Once he pulled a sandwich out of his pocket and said suavely:

"Meester Davis, loog whad I have got for you. Vat er nice santwich. Gif me some tips."

This was the last straw. I resolved to break him then and there and give him such a jolt that he would never come near a race track again. Looking over my program, I picked out a horse that I knew would figure about 200 to 1. I was sure he did not have the slightest chance to win, for the owner had told me he had been sick and that he was just putting him in the race for work—that he could not win.

"Morris," said I, "here is a good one, but I want you to swear that you will not give it to any one else, because we are going to make one of the grandest killings of the year with him. It will make us all rich."

He swore by the weeping Rachel and Joseph's coat of many colors that he would allow himself to be cut into pieces by wild Indians sooner than divulge the secret.

"Play this horse," I whispered, pointing to the name of the no-account, "and put every cent you can beg, borrow or steal on him. Soak something, Morris. You must have a good, big bet down on him."

He thanked me and went away to hustle for money. He saw every friend he had and borrowed everything he could possibly get. Then he had quite a roll on him, all of which he wagered on my selection.

I had down a good bet on the favorite, on whom there really was a tip, and sat waiting for the race to be run. The favorite was beaten a head. As I sat there, disgusted, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder and the well-known voice of my "Old Man of the Sea" said suavely:

"Meester Davis, how can I thank you? Vill you come down and have a beer?" He won so easy, too."

Words fail to actually interpret the thoughts that surged through my brain.

CHAPTER XIX.

Men I Have Met.

During the more than half a century that I have spent on the turf I have met many of the most distinguished men from all sections of the country. They came from the frozen and sterile North, from the golden hills of the West, the magnolia-scented groves of the South and from the aristocratic East. I have been in close connection with the most of those of the present time and was intimately acquainted with the royalty of turfdom in the olden days.

Beginning away back in the early part of another century, of course I have seen the friends of my boyhood slip silently away into the realms of eternity as flowers bloom and wither. I have seen their sons grow to manhood and then in turn sink into the arms of the grim reaper under the fell hand of disease or the weight of years. Father Time does not touch us all with the same harshness. With me he has been gentle indeed. Eighty times has my natal day passed, and now at this writing I am able to walk almost any distance. I could mount a yearling and break him just as easily now as I could when I was a boy.

But others whom I loved were not as favored as "the old veteran." The flowers blossom on their graves, but in my heart their memory is just as dearly cherished as it was in the olden days when I walked hand in hand with them in earthly paths.

Probably the grandest man I ever knew was Col. W. R. Johnson, sometimes called "the Napoleon of the American turf," because of his colossal turf ventures, his boldness in making matches between the celebarted horses of his time, and through it all characterized by his sterling integrity and gentleness of deportment. There was perhaps no man in the whole South and West that stood as high socially and in a business way. His word was worth more than the bond of most men. Everybody with whom he came in contact loved him and had a kind word to say for him. He was a man among men, and towered as a giant amid a race of giants, for the men of the South were all big men in heart.

He owned such horses as Henry, Boston and Flirtilla, besides many other celebrities. No man who was ever on the continent ever owned half so many rarely good ones, and they took part in all the great races. There was never a time that his horses were not earning money for him and defying the other notables of the day. Col. Johnson breathed his last at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans during the winter of 1849.

John and Robert Stephens were gentlemen of the old school and owned many great horses. Their home was on the Jersey Heights in New Jersey. Like Col. Johnson, they were educated and refined gentlemen, and they were also great match makers. When they thought they had a horse in their stable that was good enough to run against some other one they did not hesitate to match him against the other. The celebrated Eclipse was in their string when he beat Henry, and they must have won thousands of dollars on the victory aside from the stakes of the match.

In a business way the fame of these gentlemen was widespread, and they numbered their friends by the thousands in all parts of the country. In the North, South, East and West the name of Stephens was held in the greatest respect, and everybody had expressions of admiration for their daring as turfmen and their gracefulness as gentlemen. The soul of honor, they had but to tell a man they would take his bet for any amount, and the latter knew that if he won the money would be paid at any time he demanded it.

Then there was Major Thomas Doswell, whose home was at Hanover Junction, near where Henry Clay, the great commoner, was born. He was the owner of the celebrated Planet, Fannie Washington, Inspector, by Boston, Nat Pope, Sarah Washington, the dam of the most of the others, and many horses that reached the highest pinnacle of equine fame. I fancy I can see him yet galloping about the track on his little black horse, giving instructions to his rider at various points in the race. If he saw the jockey was making too much pace, he would tell him to slacken it, and if he was going too slow, he would instruct him to let out a wrap or two. In this way he helped the boy to ride the race, and often was the sole cause of a victory for his horses.

He was a large planter, had a beautiful home and was elegant and refined in his manners. He was very wealthy, and there was not a man connected with the turf, in business, politics or in the social whirl but was glad and proud to be able to say that Major Doswell was his friend. When he died the turf lost a valuable adjunct, but behind him he left several sons and daughters, and they are all said to inherit the sterling traits that made the name of the father illustrious.

A little incident relating to Major Doswell occurs to me. I had been introduced to him at a hotel in New York, and six years later I again saw him at the Mills House, Charleston, S. C. I was sitting talking to Jerome Edger, a trainer, and the Major was sitting alone not far away.

"See that little old gentleman sitting there," I said to Edger. "That is the celebrated Major Doswell, who used to ride a little black horse around the track and make his jockey win races. He knows as much about racing as any man on the turf to-day."

The little eyes of the Major twinkled, and, addressing me in a tone that was perfectly audible to all about the table, he said:

"Young man, you must have been brought up in the old school or you would not have known about the little black horse."

We became fast friends at once, and we would have taken a social drink but for the fact that the Major was not from Kentucky and did not believe that a little wine is good for the stomach's sake.

Capt. John Belcher, who lived at the Fairfield race-track in Virginia, not far from Richmond, was also a celebrated trainer and owner, and had many of the famous horses of his time in his care. He trained Boston for Col. Johnson, and the great son of Boston Red Eye, One-eyed Joe, Die Claperton, and a host of other distinguished horses. He was a man of the highest standard of morals, the most loyal of men to his employers and a model example to a race track. He reared a family, was a kind and affectionate father, and had the confidence of everybody who knew him. His descendants still live in old Virginia, and they are among the most respected residents of the famous Old Dominion. In that State the name of John

Belcher will not soon be forgotten, and loving hands still annually place flowers on his last resting place as a mark of esteem and, love for his memory.

Col. David McDaniel was a native of Ireland and first turned up as a racing man in North Carolina. In his early days he was a large trader and made thousands of dollars in this way. He drifted into Richmond, Va., and made that place his home. He bought up large properties in Richmond and Broad Rock County, and when he died there years afterward he left a vast estate. On the track his fame was widespread. He owned such celebrities as Frank Allen, Tar River, Carolina, Harry Bassett, Joe Daniels, Hubbard, and Lida Stanhope. He trained the latter and owned an interest in the latter famous mare. Harry Bassett brought him the greatest fame, and he was known the world over as "the owner of Harry Bassett." He trained and owned the horse at the time he beat the celebrated Longfellow and trailed the banner of old Kentucky in the dust.

While not a scholar and a man of the greatest simplicity, he was a shrewd tactician, a bold bettor, with the nerve of a lion, and a gentleman withal. He was generous almost to a fault, and no man ever applied to him for assistance in a worthy cause and went away empty handed. Many a tear was shed in Virginia when Death laid his icy hand on the silvered head of David McDaniel.

David Branch was a gentleman of North Carolina of the highest social prestige and took a deep interest in the turf. He owned some of the good horses of his day and wielded a vast influence. Modest to a marked degree, he did not hold up his talents to the world and carefully avoided notoriety of any form. He was a leader in spite of this fact, and his advice was much sought after.

Col. Wade Hampton was a princely gentleman of the olden time, and his home was at Millward, S. C., five miles back of Columbia. He was a wealthy planter and a large importer of horses. He imported Sovereign, Rowton, Emily and many others that do not occur to my mind at this moment. On the American turf he was a leader, and at once came to the front. He bred and owned Monarch, Fannie and Childe Harold, all of whom attained prominence

on the turf. But as a turfman he was admired by every one, for he did everything in his power to advance the interests of the turf.

The great Henry Clay once said to me: "I have read of and known many great men, but I never in my life have met with and known such a princely gentleman."

Col. Hampton had presented Henry Clay with several brood mares. Among them was the celebrated Margaret Woods, the best of all the Priam mares, both as a performer and a producer. Cassandra nor the Queen was her equal, and Mr. Clay certainly got a treasure. In fact, she was the dam of most of the great race horses bred and owned by John M. Clay.

Col. Matt Singleton was born in South Carolina, in the Edgefield district, and was a most popular turfman of his day. He was deeply interested in the turf and imported Prima Donna and a dozen others. Hero, the sire of Jeff Davis, was also imported by him. Many of his mares were sent over the mountains to Kentucky by me, to be bred to Glencoe, Boston, Wagner and the celebrated stallions of Kentucky. Often he kept his mares there for two years and got two crops of colts.

Another noted turfman of the time was Maj. Thomas G. Bacon, from the same place. He was a man possessed of the confidence of all the people of his State because of his probity. He had a large stable and bred and bought some of the best horses of the day. Among them was the celebrated Nina, the dam of Planet, Exchequer and others. He was of a very quiet disposition, yet he was possessed of nerve of the highest order. An illustration of this was when he matched Nina againt Red Eye for $10,000 and lost by a head. She ought to have won the race, and everybody who witnessed the incident felt that such was the case. Although he had lost a great sum of money on the event, Major Bacon simply smiled and seemed to be not in the least disturbed. For many years he raced from South Carolina to New York and all over the South. Everybody liked him and he had a host of friends. It was said jokingly by the high rollers of the time that it was a pleasure to lose one's money to so polite a gentleman. He had a pleasant smile always on his face and never took an unfair advantage

of any one. He might always be depended upon as fair and honorable.

Capt. Crowell, of Georgia, was known all over the United States as the owner of John Bascom and Gano, and was a man of great wealth. There probably never was in the whole turf history of Georgia a man who stood as high as Capt. Crowell. He matched Gano against Boston once for $10,000 a side. Two days before the time set for the race Gano broke down and Capt. Crowell was forced to pay forfeiture.

On the day the race was to have been run Capt. Crowell and a number of gentlemen were sitting at dinner, and during a lapse in the conversation Capt. Crowell asked Col. W. R. Johnson what constituted the modern race horse.

"Speed, sir," was the reply.

"What else?"

"More speed."

"Then what other essential is there?"

"Still more speed," said Col. Johnson nonchalantly.

Griff Edmondson, of Georgia, was a noted character of his day. He was always to be found on the race track and owned several horses. None of them was of especial note. He was a man of fine character.

Robert Glover came from Augusta, Ga., and was a constant follower of the turf. There was never a race of the early days that he did not attend. While he never owned a horse, he was so popular with the owners that two or three horses were named for him. In sporting matters he stood high, although he was more of a gambler than a turfman. Gentlemen cultivated him because of his fine qualities as an entertainer and his suavity of manner. He had an accurate knowledge of men and horses of the time and was a perfect encyclopedia on these subjects. His memory was something wonderful, and it attracted attention wherever he went.

Judge John Hunter, of Alabama, was the owner of the celebrated mare Blonde, Mary Consul and a few others of prominence. It was he that went to Charleston and bought Highlander for $10,000 from Thomas Puryear. The horse had never lost a race up to that time. The purchase was made for the purpose of getting a representative of the State of Alabama in the State Stake at New Orleans. This race

was won by Lexington, who beat Highlander, Le Compte and Rube. Alabama almost went broke on the race. Judge Hunter was a distinguished jurist, a man of vast fortune, and reared a large family. Everybody held him in the highest esteem, and when he passed away to the darkness of eternity both the turf and the State lost an eminent representative.

Capt. William Williamson was born in Virginia and came of the old school. He was interested with Capt. Wm. Cottrell in the ownership of several great race horses. His chief claim to attention in the early days was that he was a member of a famous coterie of choice spirits who were the life of every race track. They were John York, William Gardner, Sam'l Hunter and Phil Cox.

Jeff Wells came from Louisiana, and had a vast breeding establishment near Shreveport. He brought to the world the celebrated Reel, by imp. Glencoe, out of imp. Gallopade, by Caton. Reel was the best race mare at all distances in America at the time. She was one of the best producers also and gave to the turf Uncle Jeff, Le Compte, Prioress and Ann Dunn. Prioress went to the British Isles and was said to be the best race mare in the world by Admiral Rouse, who saw her lose by a head to Lifeboat in the Czarwitch, but made a dead heat in the same race for second place with El Akim. It was run off and Prioress was successful. Mr. Wells was a wealthy planter and took a deep interest in all matters pertaining to the turf. He had a host of friends and was intense in his loyalty to the South at all stages of its vicissitudes.

Col. Adam L. Bingaman lived at Natchez, Miss., and was the scholar of his time in that vicinity. There was probably no more enthusiastic admirer of the turf than he. He had a large breeding establishment, and the famous Lexington was trained at his track for all his great races. For fifty years he was on the turf and his stables were always filled with the very best there was in the equine world. Ben Pryor was Bingaman's trainer.

Col. William J. Minor was known everywhere as "the scholar of the turf," and lived at Natchez, Miss. He owned Brittania, by Muley, the sire of Margrave and Leviathan. Muley Molok was a full brother of Brittania. She was

raced successfully in this country and was of great fame when she went to the stud, producing Verifier, Voucher, Varona, La Variation and Van Dyke. There was probably no more extensive planter in the whole Mississippi Valley, and he was held in high esteem by every one. When he went to England to purchase Brittania he was entertained by many of the celebrated nobles of the day and was held in equally high esteem by the Britons.

Major Le Compte was probably the greatest French turfman of his time, and until the Lorillards came he was an extensive planter of Louisiana and had a breeding establishment at Shreveport. As a turfman of the first class of his day he was held in great respect everywhere. Such horses as Gallatin, Bob Snell, or the Dutchman, Telee, and Miss Riddlesworth were in his string and they were all recognized as celebrities of their time. Ad Small, who was Le Compte's trainer, was noted all over the South for his ability. He died at Saratoga, and I was one of the pall bearers at the funeral.

Once Le Compte said to me of Colonel Minor's Verifier: "Mr. Davis, he can run as fast as the telegraph and stand driving like a wedge." He said it in broken French, but I do not feel equal to giving it just as he said it.

Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana, was known as "the old Red Fox of the South." He always represented the South in all her turf matters, attending the conventions of the North and South, and always got the lion's share of the privileges. He was a man of great executive ability, and was the owner of Gray Medoc, Dart, Humming Bird, Whale, who was never beaten; Dolphin, Florian, full brother to Doubloon; Louis d'Or, Ha'penny, Roupee and hundreds of others too numerous to mention. Mr. Kenner was a noted planter and a leading man of his day. Before his death he became the manager of all the canal interests about New Orleans and was a man of vast enterprise. Kenner was sent to England to represent the interests of the Confederacy during the Civil War and did so with marked ability.

Thomas Patterson was from Tennessee and rubbed Misfoot, a celebrated mare, the best of her day in America, when he was but a boy. Then he became a trainer and had

some wonderful horses in his care. He was certainly a great horseman, and it is no wonder that he became distinguished on the turf. No man surpassed him in the art of feeding and galloping horses. His fame was widespread.

Munck Fowler was a noted jockey from Tennessee. He rode many great horses and won many good races. He afterward became a trainer.

William Cheatham was from Nashville and was noted as a gambler and a turfman. He owned some good horses, but died early in life. With all his wonderful luck it is said he died poor.

Gen. W. C. Harding was from Nashville, Tenn., and owned the Hermitage breeding establishment. He was a representative turfman of his day, and bred, owned and sold some of the grand horses of the time. He was a man of refinement and was the soul of honor on all occasions.

Judge Barry lived at Gallatin, Tenn., and was a turfman of some note. He owned the great mare Parasina, Rosa Clack and many other good ones. He was a brother-in-law of General Jackson (Old Hickory), and no man knew more of the pedigrees of early days than he. Colonel Bruce dedicated his famous stud book to Judge Barry and held him in high esteem. Ran Barry, his son, owned Blacklock and was clerk of the court at Gallatin for many years.

Bailey Payton was also a brother-in-law of Gen. Andrew Jackson and owned several great horses, but he devoted more attention to politics. He was a most lovable man and stood as high as any man in the State in the hearts of the people.

Colonel Elliot, also from Gallatin, was a noted turfman, who owned a number of celebrated horses, and was a promoter of the interests of the turf at all times.

Berry Williams, from Sumner County, Tenn., was a breeder widely known. He was popular and successful.

Captain Franklin, also from Gallatin, bred and reared many good horses.

Thomas and James Kirkman, from Alabama, were men of almost fabulous wealth in the early days, and one might travel half a day up the Alabama River without ceasing to pass their landed possessions. They owned miles of land.

The celebrated Peytona was in their stable. She beat Fashion, the ideal mare of the North, for $20,000 a side. They also owned Quadrille, Jig, Rory O'Moore and Topaz. On the American turf of their day they were among the foremost men, and everybody who knew them held them in high esteem. Their trainer was Isaac Van Lear, a very able man.

Vince Hunter, of Alabama, owned Red Eagle and a number of other horses. He was a polished gentleman and came from a most distinguished family.

"Red" Tom Watson, of Virginia, stood high on the turf and was noted for his sagacity in making matches. He owned vast tracts of land and was popular.

"Red" Tom Watson, of Tennessee, was frequently designated as "the man of cunning." Some people called him "the early bird," because he was always up early in the morning watching the performances of other men's horses. His methods were most peculiar, but nothing unfair was especially found against him, and he was noted for his shrewdness.

Ottaway P. Hare came from Petersburg, Va., and was a distinguished turfman. He had one of the clearest heads and the best judgment of any man on the turf. When he saw two horses running at the same meeting he could always lay his money accurately on the winner. He figured it out by careful observation. Hare owned Andrewetta, who beat Boston a heat at Broad Rock, together with many other distinguished horses. Bostona was in his string and added materially to his winnings. The people called him "the old rabbit," because he could take care of himself against any kind of talent. I regarded him as one of the finest men with whom I had ever come in contact.

John Minor Botts was a statesman and turfman of Virginia and was held in high esteem. He was the breeder of Financier, Revenue and Two Bits. He often acted as judge at the races and gave general satisfaction.

W. R. Travers, of New York, was one of the most popular men I ever knew, and he numbered his friends by the score in both the South and West. No gentleman from either section could land in New York that he did not try to locate him and make him his guest. As a wit he was

widely known. One little incident is told of him that comes to my mind in this connection. It is said that a friend met him in New York and said:

"Mr. Travers, why is it that you stutter so much more here in New York than you did in Lexington, Ky.?"

"Bi-g-g-e-rt-t-to-w-n," stammered Bill, as he was familiarly known.

He formerly owned some fine horses with John Hunter, of Hunter's Point, and gave a bonus to the great Travers Stakes at Saratoga.

Gov. Odin Bowie, of Maryland, owned Catesby, Abdul Kadir, Viley, Australine and My Maryland. He was a man of universal popularity and was elected Governor of the State two terms.

Frank Hall, of Maryland, was an ardent admirer of the horse and turf and bred many celebrated horses. His father was a turfman and he came of a noted race of turfmen, all of whom were noted for their sagacity in the training and handling of horses.

Wyndham Walden was a celebrity of Maryland as a trainer and became noted as a breeder. He was a son of George Walden, whose brother John rode Eclipse the first heat in the famous race with Henry. The horses he trained won in stakes and purses more than $1,000,000. He also owned Bowling Brook farm, in Maryland.

George Lorillard was one of the most popular owners in the State of New York. Everybody loved him in the South and West. He was a big-hearted gentleman. He owned Sensation, Ferida, Aella and quite a number of others equally distinguished. Sensation was correctly named, for he never was beaten. His brother Pierre was one of the most enterprising and active turfmen of any age of the American turf. Lord Beresford was his partner in England, and no man who ever went to England was so popular with the British. It was he who took the great Parole, Iroquois and others to the land on which the sun is never said to set. They won all the great stakes and Iroquois won the St. Leger and Derby. Parole distinguished himself by winning the Metropolitan Handicap, beating Isonomy and other noted horses.

Coming to Kentucky, the country that has endeared itself to all turfmen the world over, I think I ought to say something of Henry Clay, who owned Yorkshire, the son of Nicholas, who was presented to him by Commodore Stockton as a mark of respect. While Henry Clay could not be consistently termed a turfman, through his son, John M. Clay, he has a claim to distinction on the turf, for it was he who induced the boy to go into the business of breeding. Once when the get of Yorkshire were being shown the great Commoner in the presence of the writer, who was the rider at the time, Mr. Clay said:

"Gentlemen, with this great promise of the equine family before you, there is every chance of success. If you will take into consideration that your enterprise is greater than your bank accounts, and never underrate your enemy, you are bound to succeed."

On the day following, Mr. Clay was about to start for the United States Senate and we were showing him the first of the get of the horse. He was, of course, interested and he desired to give us a parting word of advice.

John M. Clay made his debut on the turf in 1847, and raced such great horses as Kentucky, Daniel Boone, Gilroy, Princeton, Magic, Coon the Bloody, Zampa, Maria Woods, Charley Woods, Star Davis, Skedaddle, Sly Boots, Buff and Blue and Victory. He was the genius of the Clay family, but he had no desire to distinghish himself. He died owning one of the best breeding establishments in the country.

Dr. Edward Warfield lived at The Meadows, north of the Association Course in Lexington. He bred many high class horses, including Lexington, the blind hero; Waxey, Alice Carneal, Berthune, Buford and many others. He was a man of wealth and all who knew him loved and respected him. There was never a better hearted or nobler man on the face of the earth than Dr. Warfield, and I feel that I cannot say too much concerning him.

James Shy, of "Shy-won-a-heat fame," was born in Central Kentucky and lived to a ripe old age. He owned many fast horses and won some money. Among his horses were Lady Jackson, who was by Sumpter; Theatrice, who ran head and head with Jim Bell for seven-eighths of a mile

in 1:46, the fastest time then made in Kentucky; Robison, May Day, Slim Cæsar and Dallas. At the close of his career be became totally blind. For the last ten years of his life he always had a seat in the judges' stand as a compliment to the veteran turfman. Of course, he could not see and did not see what was going on; but he took a decided interest in everything pertaining to the turf, and everbody tried to do something that would assist in making him happy in a way.

Major B. G. Thomas was one of the lights of Lexington and one of the best informed and best liked men in all the great State of Kentucky. There are few people who have been more universally known. His first horse was Monsieur Bertrand, and his next Wandering Willie, trained by his servant, a negro named Mose, who used to ride Bob Bruce and Roberson. Lady Taylor fell to him in the course of a sale, and she proved a wonderfully fast mare, although she was unfortunate. She produced Derby, by imp. Eclipse.

After the close of the Civil War Major Thomas became engaged in racing and breeding, producing Hataf, Herzog, Highflight, Hira, Hinyar, Domino the invincible, and many others of high class. With his brother Charlie he was referred to as one of the graces of Kentucky. No one worthy asked him for a favor and failed to receive it.

James A. Grinstead was born in Kentucky and lived at Lexington, where he lived all his life, dying there ten or twelve years ago. He was one of the finest gentlemen of all that grand section. About 1848 he began racing, and his first horse was Doubloon, with whom he won many stakes. Florian, Louis d'Or, Ducatoon, Dime, Lindora, a full brother to the latter; Sherrod, Moidore and others.

At the time Mr. Grinstead became engaged in turf matters he was clerk of the county court. He made money rapidly and became a banker. At this he also succeeded, and was at one time a man of great wealth, having mortgages on many of the farms about Lexington. After the war he began to lose money and died with very little property.

A. Keene Richards came from Kentucky, having been born at Georgetown and was educated at the University of Virginia. He owned several great Arabian sires, which he

imported direct from their native deserts. He was a man of great wealth, having inherited his father's money. Among the horses he owned was Mock Ladder, Fysall and others. He was a man of bold enterprise, and bred Colossus, Glicera, Black Rebel, and raced Betty Ward, together with a large number of others.

Benjamin Keene was a doctor at Georgetown, Ky., and owned Dazzle, Kate Ward and others. He was a leading man of his day and was very popular.

Warren Viley was born in Kentucky and owned Hamburg, Gapitola, the dam of King Alfonso; Mary Churchill, Nannie B. and others. John R. Viley, his brother, bred and owned Goodwood, Myrtle, Glendower, Viley, Australine and Altevela. Mr. Viley was a very popular gentleman and a successful business man. He was as consistent and true a friend as ever lived, and every one in speaking of him at the present time has a kind word to say.

Junius R. Ward came from Scott County, Ky., and was one of the leading men of his time. He owned Sallie Hardin, John O'Gaunt, Alex. Churchill, Lexington, and was one of the biggest planters in the South. He stood high in all sections of the country socially.

Gen. Abe Buford was born in Kentucky and made his home in Woodford County, near Versailles. As a breeder and turfman it is enough to say that he bred and owned Enquirer, but he had many other very distinguished horses. He lived at Bosque Bonita. W. S. Buford, his father, bred thousands of distinguished horses and sent them all over the western world.

Ned Blackburn was known as "Uncle Ned." He lived at or near Midway and owned Blackburn's Whip. He stood the celebrated Boston and got many of the most noted horses up to to-day. He also stood many other splendid sires, including Grey Eagle.

Robert Alexander was also from Kentucky and was sometimes called "Lord" Alexander, on account of his almost fabulous wealth. He was a quite, reserved gentleman and made no pretensions. Everybody knew and liked him, and he was held in great respect by all who knew him. He had a large breeding establishment and bred extensively. Every year he sold a great many yearlings.

Among the horses he owned was Lexington, for whom he gave $15,000.

At that time Lexingon was blind, but Alexander declared at the time that he would sell one of Lexington's colts for more than he paid for the sire. Norfolk was foaled and he sold him for $15,001, insisting upon having the extra one dollar in order to make his boast good. Asteroid, Joe Daniels, Harry Bassett, Bay Dick, Bay Flower, Bayonet and Voxholl were also in his string. He was probably one of the greatest beneficiaries of the American turf that the world ever knew.

James K. Duke was born in Kentucky and lived there all his life. He was the ancestor of the great Duke family of the present time. He was a distinguished breeder and turfman and was highly educated. In every respect he was a gentleman, and acted as judge in many of the great races in Kentucky. He owned Cherry Elliott, Tangent, Minstrel, Kite, Bonnie Laddie, Bonnie Lassie, Kefh, Creighton, Blonde, Maroon and other celebrities.

Richard Ten Broeck came from New York, but his stock interests were all in Kentucky. He was the first man to take a full string of horses to England, and became one of the best known breeders and owners in Kentucky. This stable consisted of Prioress, Prior, Satellite and others.

Felix G. Murphy was born at Bardstown and was frequently referred to as "the Chesterfield of the American turf," because of his graceful manners. He was associated with the firm of Hunter, Dooms & Murphy in his stock interests and owned many good horses. Motto, Fiat, Hunter's Lexington, Nannie Lewis, Sallie Lewis, Harper, Susan Bean, dam of Sensation, and others were in their stable.

Joseph G. Boswell also came from Kentucky and owned Ludy, Ruffin, Gray Medoc, Bon Ton, Gabriel, Momentilla, Magenta, Doubloon, Florian, Miss Belle, Ha'penny, Mamona and others. He was one of the most successful breeders with the same number of mares that I ever knew.

Robert Holloway is an ambitious and representative turfman of Kentucky. He is not an extensive breeder, but he has always figured on the turf and has owned some high-class horses. He is an unusually quiet gentleman, and few

people ever knew that he owned the great horses he was racing. Always a broad-gauge and public spirited man, he bought any horse offered for sale without considering the cost. In Lexington now there is no man whose advice is more sought after and who stands higher among the people. Everybody likes him and he likes everybody. I want to write on his tombstone, when he is gathered to his fathers and his gentle soul has gone to its rest in the darkness of eternity: "Here lies a man who was beloved by all who knew him." He owned many good horses.

Milton Young is one of the most distinguished men in all Kentucky. He owned the great Hanover and started out with Bootjack, Bancroft and others, and won nearly all the cups across the western country. Troubadour was bred and owned by Mr. Young, but he has bred hundreds of others that have acquired fame on the turf. He is one of the fairest and squarest breeders whom I have ever known. I am proud to call him my friend. There are hundreds of incidents that I could relate concerning his liberality, and when the Three Graces bow before him in the land beyond the sky Charity will take off her crown and bow politely to the prince of all Kentuckians.

John E. Madden is now one of the representative turfmen of Kentucky. He owns the famous Hamburg Place and has vast interests. It is said of Madden that he came to Lexington with scarcely anything, but by energy and enterprise he forged to the front and has owned such notables as the mighty Hamburg and a host of others. Scarcely a year has passed recently that Madden has not been able to bring out a grand horse and sell him for a good price. Mr. Madden is of Irish parentage, although he came from Pennsylvania, that good old Dutch State. He is a man of powerful physique, gentle in his manners when in a good humor, but a lion when aroused. Concerning his horses he is as reticent as the private cemetery of a deaf and dumb asylum, and he is said to give all his horses numbers, so that even the stable boys do not know the names of the horses they are exercising. But withal, Mr. Madden is a clever fellow, whom it is a sincere pleasure to meet.

Price McGrath, known as the Prince of McGrathiana, was one of the men about Lexington who should not be

omitted. Everybody in the Blue Grass capital knew and respected him. He owned the famous Aristides, the winner of the first Kentucky Derby; the invincible Tom Bowline, Calvin, Mary Ann and other noted horses, among which was Rhineodine and Endorser. He was noted for his wit and for the barbecues he gave every year. His hospitality made him famous. As a man of nerve he was never awed by the odds on his horses and bet his money without fear.

Capt. Ben. Hutchison, of Missouri, was originally from Kentucky and was noted as a high-class gentleman. He owned Laclede, Derby, Annie Travis, Ruth, Lilac, Evangeline, Glendower and others. He had a large breeding establishment for years in St. Louis County, and was both clever and highly respected.

Joseph D. Lucas lives in St. Louis County, Mo., and is quite a noted breeder. He is a grand, good fellow and has his annual sales, during which time he has sold many fast ones. He has had remarkable success, and his colts are known from one end of the country to the other.

Barney Schreiber also has his home in Missouri and is one of the most noted breeders in all the great State of Missouri. He owns many high-bred stallions, including Sain and Bannockburn, whose get are astonishing the country at the present time by their wonderful speed. Sain is one of the most grandly bred horses in all the world. Mr. Schreiber is a clever, honorable gentleman and has the respect of all who know him. He is not afraid to bet his money and is a progressive gentleman, whom everybody likes.

James Patton was also from Missouri and bred many fine horses. The most celebrated of the horses that he bred was Ethel Gray. Mr. Patton was very popular with all who had the honor of his acquaintance.

Dr. McAlester owns a breeding establishmeet at Columbia, Mo., and is a noted breeder. He has several very fine stallions at his place, and they are every year distinguishing themselves on the turf. He is a splendid gentleman, and has a host of friends who respect him for his learning and his kind and gentle manners.

James R. and Foxhall Keene, from New York, are father and son. Their fame as breeders and owners is wide-

spread. They owned Domino, Commando and several other stallions, together with some noted mares, among them Cap and Bells, the only American filly that ever won the English Oaks. Their breeding establishment in Kentucky is one of the most replete with modern conveniences in the world. Among the celebrated turfmen of to-day there are no men who stand higher. They are respected for their probity and enterprise.

William C. Whitney was from New York, but had vast breeding interests in the heart of the Blue Grass section of Kentucky. There was no man of modern times who went into racing on such a colossal scale. It was his ambition to gather together, not merely the greatest racing stable, but the best stud in all the world. In both he succeeded, but unfortunately death came to him just as prospects for the realization of his greatest hopes were brightest.

Gen. William H. Jackson, one of the most distinguished breeders on the American turf to-day, owned the famous Bell Meade, at Nashville, Tenn., where he yearly turned out many of the great horses that are to be seen on the turf. He made Belle Meade one of most beautiful places in the world.

The late Theodore Winter's greatest claim to distinction as breeder was by being the owner of so good a brood mare as Marion, who threw nothing but good ones from any horse they bred her to every crack. She produced several of the best horses ever raised West of the Ohio river and most of them were by a second Lexington horse at that. She was one of the best of brood mares, though rather lowly bred.

Lucky Baldwin has made quite a success in breeding of thoroughbreds. He has won several Derbies with horses of his own breeding; for instance, Silver Cloud and Voluntary both won the American Derby. Rael Santinita, Gano and others, all good winners, are to his credit and all were bred and reared by him at his ranch near Los Angeles, California.

Mr. James C. Hagin is of world wide renown for having the largest breeding plant of thoroughbreds of any man in the world to date and is equally famous for the great number of very high class horses he has bred, reared and sold and dispersed to every part of the land through the medium of his annual sales.

Col. Saunders D. Bruce, of New York, was born in Kentucky and was one of the best informed men on the turf. He owned several good horses and attached himself vitally to the interests of the American turf by the publication of his famous stud book, now owned and continued by the Jockey Club. He was descended from one of the purest lines of Scots, tracing back to Robert Bruce. A congenial spirit at all times, clever to almost a fault, highly educated and refined, his company always was much sought after. I regarded him as one of the most estimable gentlemen I ever met. Born on the same street where he was born and at about the same time, I had an excellent opportunity to judge his character. We played and romped together as boys, and I hope when I am called away we may be reunited and sit on the banks of the beautiful river and talk over old times far into the depths of eternity.

Julius Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, bade fair at one time to become one of the celebrities of the turf. He is a man of wealth and once owned the famous Halma, afterward purchased by W. K. Vanderbilt and placed at the head of his stud in France, and now one of the distinguished horses doing public duty in the State of New York.

The Messrs. Churchill, of Churchill Downs, Louisville, fame, John and Henry, left behind them a name that will never be forgotten not only in the dark and bloody ground but all over the United States. They owned some of the finest horses that ever placed their feet on the bronzed circle of a race track. Among them might be mentioned Sir Joseph Hawley, Belle of the Highlands, Little Ruffin, Ben d'Or, Loftin, Powhattan, Adrain and Miss Bowler. They were gentlemen of the old school and stood in the highest rank. Both were men of refinement and had the confidence of all who knew them at all times in all matters in which they were in any way connected. They are descended from Gen. George Rogers Clark, the famous Indian fighter, and the family is one of the best there is in the United States.

Col. M. Lewis Clark was probably one of the finest gentlemen connected in any way with the American turf. Always the superb Beau Brummel of his time, he was graceful in his manners, dressed in the latest style, he had a host

of admirers, and there was no race course but was glad to secure his service as presiding judge. For years he officiated at Churchill Downs, at Louisville, and his decisions invariably gave satisfaction to all concerned. He was highly educated and could converse entertainingly on all subjects.

Col. James J. O'Fallon, of St. Louis, Mo., was born in that city and spent the greater part of his life there. He is a scholar of the old school, whom it is a pleasure to know. Col. John O'Fallon, the founder of the great O'Fallon family in the West, was his father, and a man who was of unbounded popularity. Col. James O'Fallon was a valuable acquisition to the American turf, and while his racing career was not a lengthly one it was brilliant to a marked extent, for he won the most of the great stakes for which he contended. He owned Pat Maloy, Plantaganet, Altevela, Sundown, The Banshee, Harry O'Fallon (named for his son), Kate Ward and others. In his manners he is as gentle as a lady, and refinement characterizes his every action. A friend he never forgets and his purse is always open to his friends or any one in need. I cannot pay a high-toned, eminent Missourian a higher compliment.

Hiram and Horace Argo are two Tennesseeans, who have achieved distinction on the turf and in business and turf and political life. They owned White Nose, a horse of royal breeding, who raced and won hundreds of races. Finally he died as a buggy horse in Nashville, but his last days were spent in the quietude which he had so richly earned.

Bryan Obear, of Missouri, is one of the turfmen of St. Louis whom every one feels better to meet and know. He was the importer of George Frederick, and Bondholder and Patroclus were among his latest holdings. Some of his mares were the best bred of their day. Silverdale was once his property and afterward climed to distinction as the property of the famous John H. Schorr, of Memphis. Mr. Obear is a gentleman and a scholar, and I am glad to be able to speak of him as I do, for there is not a truer friend or a man more worthy of respect in all this broad land.

John H. Schorr is from Memphis, Tenn., where he has vast brewing interests. But his chief belongings at the present time and the ones that are liable to bring him the

most lasting fame are his horses. With them he has won the Memphis Derby, a classic event of the early spring, several times, and has landed many of the richest stakes and purses from one end of the country to the other. His son, John H. Schorr, Jr., is associated with him his racing interests and together they have one of the most formidable strings in America. Among the great horses Mr. Schorr has owned might be mentioned Lieber Karl, Silverdale, Sea Lion and Endurance By Right.

George Bennett is also of Memphis and is a most estimable gentleman. He is one of the most advanced turfmen of the day and always has a string of the best quality. His stable has met the most amazing success, winning many of the largest stakes all over the country He is a bold operator both as a bookmaker and an owner. Among the horses he has owned are Farmer Bennett, Miss Bennett and Dishabille, the latter unquestionably the best mare of 1906, and a host of others. He is yearly bringing to the turf horses that are hard to beat, and all jockey clubs East and West are always glad to know that George Bennett is going to race his horses there.

William McGuigan, of Arkansas, is known as "Umbrella Bill," because he always carries a large umbrella with him, whether it is raining or shining. He has trained and put in selling shape more horses in the early spring time than any other man living. His idea is to sell his horses as quickly as possible and then look out for other phenomenons. Ben Eder, Lady Inez, Bannockburn and a great many other celebrities might be mentioned.

Sam Bryant was known from one end of Kentucky to the other as a clever gentleman whom everbody liked. He owned the famous Proctor Knott, Uncle Bob and a great many who became noted on the turf. Col. Bryant was a resident of Louisville and had a charming little place opposite Churchill Downs there. A real turfman never went to Louisville without seeing Col. Bryant, for he was one of the most entertaining gentlemen to be found anywhere.

John C. Kelly was noted as a rider and trainer as well as an owner. He lived and died in St. Louis and numbered his friends by the score wherever he was known. As a rider he bestrode the celebrated Reel in many of her great races.

He owned Monsoon, Legal Tender, Knight of St. Louis, Greenback and others.

Charles C. Maffitt stood as high as any turfman throughout the country, and in St. Louis, Mo., he was the idol of the people of all classes. Everybody had a kind word to say for him and he had a kind word to say for everybody. There was not a single evil trait in the make-up of this gentleman. Nature fairly exhausted her resources when she constructed such a man. He was gentle, loving, thoughtful of the comfort of others to a marked degree, generous to almost a fault, and possessed of all the characteristics that go to make up a perfect gentleman.

As an entertainer he had few equals in the city of St. Louis, and certainly no superiors. His little levees at the Fair Grounds were the delight of his friends and they loved to gather round the festal board where he presided. What he did was done in a most regal way. In the beginning Mr. Maffitt had no desire to become a turfman, but his friend Lucas Turner, who was a breeder, had arranged to hold a sale of horses, and Mr. Maffitt bought a few in order to start the sale.

There was no man who thought more of his friends than did Mr. Maffitt, and when he became the possessor of a string of horses he named the animals after them. One he called Lucille Manette, after the daughter of Mr. Pierre Chouteau; another Sir Rolla, after Mr. Rolla Wells, the present Mayor of the city of St. Louis, who was for years president of the Fair Grounds Association. It was always the desire of Mr. Maffitt, after he became identified with the turf, to possess one of the foremost rank, and he would probably have succeeded had not the icy hand of the sable messenger of death been laid upon him, and thus cut short a promising career.

A pretty little incident in connection with this string of horses is that after old age set its seal on fleet-footed Lucille Manette Mr. Pierre Chouteau built a stable for her and keeps her in quiet and comfort as a mark of respect to the memory of his lamented cousin. This is only given as an illustration of the sincere affection these two gentlemen had for each other. But all who knew Charles Maffitt loved him, and there was many a tear shed when he breathed his last.

I ought not to forget the McGibben Bros., of Cynthiana, Harrison County, Ky., Thomas and James. Their names are a power in Kentucky, and some of the finest horses on the turf have stood in their stable. Among them was Springbok, by Australian, out of Hester, who ran a dead heat with Preakness at Saratoga and made himself famous. It was probably the greatest cup race ever run in the world. Their breeding establishment is a splendid one and many splendid horses first saw the light there. Thomas McGibben has gone to his reward in the land beyond the skies, but Mr. James McGibben is alive and respected by all who know him.

William Barnes is a prominent breeder of Bourbon County, Ky. He has a large establishment at the present time and is a turfman of great popularity. Especially has he always been the favorite of the celebrated firm of Clay & Woodford, and once they named a horse for him. The animal was speedy and was sold to Dwyer Brothers for a large sum.

William Mulkey, of Kansas City, is a gentleman of the old school, and was associated with the firm of Mulkey & Avis. They have a large breeding establishment and have been very successful on the turf. They have interests all over the country, and race from one ocean to the other and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. No men stand higher for honorable, fair methods than do Mulkey & Avis. But I must not forget Oliver Louis, "the sable son of Ham," who sat on the "red horse" when he went to his victory in the Derby at Louisville. He is one of the best men on the turf to-day and everybody has a good word for him. May he live and die with the same respect entertained for him.

Charles Green, of St. Louis, while not a turfman, is closely identified with racing. He was the owner of the beautiful old Association Course at Lexington, Ky., and is the man who built the great Fair Grounds Track at St. Louis, Mo. He has never owned any horses and has no breeding interests. Therefore, he was always actuated by purely patriotic motives toward St. Louis. Mr. Green is a scholar and came up in the famous Jesuit school, where he received every educational advantage. In every sense of the word he is a gentleman, and I am proud to be able to

say he is my friend. Any man might also be proud of the distinction.

Julius S. Walsh is one of the leading men of the entire South and West, and he is known and liked by everybody. As president of the great Mississippi Valley Trust Company, he stands at the head of one of the largest financial institutions of the country. He has been a director in the Fair Grounds Association, but he has never had the time to take an active interest in racing. However, he has always done what he could to promote the interests of the breeders of the State and has always been anxious that Missouri should forge to the front in this respect. A liberal-minded, big-hearted gentleman in every respect, he is esteemed by all who know him, and his name will never perish in the hearts of the people of St. Louis.

Ben Lyons, of Sedalia, is a broad-gauged sportsman in every particular, and there is probably no man in the State enjoying a higher reputation for forcibility, fairness and cool-headedness. He owned Sue Derby, by Derby, out of Eglantine, and she was a most wonderful animal. Mr. Lyons was also interested in the great Alvin Adams and a score of others, including Lottie Lee and Pittsburg. He has a host of friends wherever he is known, and everybody has a high regard for him. All the turfmen of the different parts of the State always like to pass through Sedalia in order to shake the hand of Ben Lyons.

Col. Samuel S. Brown, the mighty coal king of Pittsburg, was one of the foremost turfmen of recent times. For years he stood as a monument in the South and West and some of the best horses that ever strode across a race track have raced in his colors. The principal stallion in his string was the great Troubadour. Col. Brown was a man of sterling integrity, kind to almost a fault.

Charles Reed, of Gallatin, Tenn., who has a large breeding establishment there, was one of the foremost turfmen of the South. He is an enterprising and nervy man, and when he bid $100,000 for the great St. Blaise and got him he certainly showed his gameness to a marked extent. He also owned Thora, by Longfellow, and a host of others of a high class. Most of the time of Mr. Reed is spent in New York, where, as a man of great intelligence, honest as

the day is long and a gentleman of the old school, he is beloved by all who have the honor of his acquaintance.

W. F. Schulte, president of the great Louisville Jockey Club, is one of the rising young turfmen of the country. He has owned several good strings of horses and has raced from one ocean to the other with marked success. The most of the horses in his string at the present time are yearlings and have done nothing, but they are all very promising and he may have some stake winners in the lot. It is hoped that he has, for if there is any man who deserves to meet with success it is Mr. Schulte. In his own town he is very popular, and the people he has met in other cities all over the country are always very much impressed with him.

Barney Schreiber is one of the best-known turfmen in the great State of Missouri, and there is probably no man who has done more for the racing interests of the State.

His splendid breeding establishment, known as "Woodlands," is located thirteen miles from the city of St. Louis, in St. Louis County, between Bridgeton and Florissant. It is complete in every particular, and Col. Schreiber has spared no expense to make it an equine paradise. The stables have every convenience and they are palatial in their appointments.

At present Col. Schreiber has four great stallions in his stalls and their gets have already distinguished them. At the head of the stud stands imported Sain, who got Otis, a prominent candidate for all the great stakes of the country; fleet-footed Corrigan and a host of other grand winners. Then there is Foul Shot, who got many good ones; Balgowan, a high-class horse himself, and a stallion of much promise, and Bannockburn, one of whose sons was the two-year-old sensation of the early 1906 in California.

When the now famous "Woodlands" was started Col. Schreiber collected the best mares that money could secure. This was away back in 1895, and since that time he has clustered about him some of the finest strains that England and Australia could afford. Sain brings with his get, the strain of St. Simon and Foul Shot, the blood of the mighty Musket. This is the blood that is being felt in turf circles

to-day, and there is never a race where a Sain colt or filly starts when they may be counted as long shots.

Personally, there is no better liked man in all Missouri than Barney Schreiber. He numbers his acquaintances as his friends, and they cannot say too much in praise of him. Of sturdy German parentage, liberal in his views, a follower of the Golden Rule in all things, a hand that is always extened for any honest man to grasp, it is not surprising that he is popular and that he has succeeded. As a bookmaker, Barney Schreiber is known far and near on the turf, and everywhere his honesty and fairness is recognized. The American turf would be better off if there were more men like Barney Schreiber connected with it. A friend of all men, all men are his friends.

Before closing this statement of the affairs of beautiful "Woodlands," I wish to say something concerning the arrangement of the immense breeding establishment. There are about 200 stalls, all large and commodious, and it takes a small fortune to keep it going. The private track is one of the finest in the country and natural advantages make it very fast. No breeder in the world looks after his stock farm with more care than does Col. Schreiber, and on his return from his occasional pilgrimages he is hailed with welcomes by the good old French people, who constitute the inhabitants of both Florissant and Bridgeton. If they could make him President of the United States, he would be in the executive mansion in less time than it takes him to record a two-dollar bet on a long shot.

CHAPTER XX.

Some Noted Ringers.

Since there has been racing in America there have been occasional ringers that have been detected. Of course, there may have been others that the public wots not of, but the unfortunate ones who were caught at it are held up as horrible examples.

I think that every State that countenances racing should have a law passed making ringing obtaining money by false pretenses and punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. Michigan and Virginia already have such a law, and the Legislature of New York last year, at the instance of the State Racing Commission, passed a very drastic and a very admirable anti-ringing bill, making the attempt to ring equally as great an offence as the actual ringing.

Every year there is at least some suspicion of ringing; but there have been no notable instances and detections during the past twelve months, with the possible exception of the attempt at Jamaica with the horse Freekman, which was detected in time. I think the idea first came into use with county fairs, where the strange farmer with the rope harness would drive in with his burr-covered, ungroomed old horse and challenge some of the farmers with sleek and glossy animals to a brush for a hundred or more a side. Often these alleged rustics would get their horses in a couple of races and clean up about all that Jasper and Ma had been saving all summer.

The first case of the kind I ever heard of was a fast trotter belonging to a man named Howland, who lived in the Middle West. He was an ugly brute and there was not the slightest trace of symmetry in his makeup. To look at him one would figure out that he ought to be able to make a mile in about six minutes, if pushed hard with the whip.

Then this man owned another horse, as pretty as a picture. She was the trimmest looking creature that I ever beheld, and it took a very experienced eye to be able to say

that she could not reel off a mile in about 2:20. But this animal could not have gone around the block and got back the same day. She was as slow as a snail.

Howland hitched up the old horse one day to a dilapidated wagon and drove over to a town called Charlestown, in Indiana. Beauty was tied behind. They attracted considerable attraction as he drove into the fair grounds, where the races were about to begin. Howland tried to get Beauty into a race, but the farmers would have none of it, for they considered her too fast for their horses and didn't care to present the purse to a stranger, preferring to have it won by a native.

"Let me put in old Nance then," said Howland, pointing to the sorry nag in the shafts.

This was agreed to, and then Howland got out a good, strong, serviceable sulky from the interior of the wagon. It was muddy and worn in many places, but it was right. When the time came for the race he hitched his horse up with ropes and straps, all tied, with no buckles, and in his hand, as he rode out, he had a small sapling with some of the branches on the end of it. It looked like a tree. Everybody laughed, and there was many a jest concerning the old man and his horse.

Howland had driven over alone, but he had sent his partner ahead of him, and the latter at this juncture began to circulate around among the bookmakers and the farmers, taking every bet he could get on the old nag. Before the people realized what had happened, he had down about $200 at odds of from 2 to 3 to 1.

It was two in three. Old Nance had no time to lose, and she went to the front at the last quarter in the first heat and appeared to be all out. She did not look like she could make it again, and the confederate had little trouble in getting down some more money. This time old Nance took the lead from the jump and kept it all the way around to the wire. Her owner collected and hastened away just in time to escape a lynching. This man is said to have worked this scheme all over Indiana at the fairs, and then he went into Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, where he found the farmers equally credulous. Several times he had narrow escapes from losers who realized what had happened, but old Nance always carried him out on the road to safety.

Probably the greatest race where there was a ringer was one that occurred some years ago at Latonia. There was a fast Eastern plater called Tanner, bought by the Brannon brothers, of Nashville, and by them entered as a maiden called Polk Badget. They appeared at Latonia with the bogus Polk and arranged for a killing. In the first race where he was entered they fairly deluged the pool rooms all over the country with bets on his chances. The odds were very large, and the maiden was backed down to almost odds on.

There was a tremendous amount of money in the ring, and it was all put down by the Brannons or men in on the play. Polk Badget went to the post, got started with the others, and made the bunch resemble a Spanish peseto in war time. He won all the way as he pleased, and the Brannons lost no time in collecting as soon as the race was over. They were afraid they would be caught and they could afford to take no chances. At first the deception was not suspected and the Brannons cleaned up about $90,000. Then some man of a prying mind began to see a resemblance between Polk Badget and Tanner. The whole matter came out, but it was too late to recover and the grand coupe had been effected.

Just prior to this occurrence the same people are supposed to have worked the Louisville Jockey Club and the bookmakers of the Kentucky city. They may have entered Tanner as Little Dan, an unknown horse. It was in a purse race and there was nothing especial in it to beat. Everybody had heard of Little Dan before, and he had never been known to win a race or even make a showing. In consequence the odds against him were big.

But they could not keep the secret that they were going to make a killing, for a little stable boy heard of it and he told it over at the feed store the morning of the day when it was to come off. Of course, it was noised about in that circle of people and the result was that the Brannons did not get all the profit. The feed store people got down for several hundred dollars. But the bookmakers were cleaned up good and strong, and when they learned that they had been fleeced out of their money they were highly indignant that any man should be allowed to remain on the

turf and be dishonest. So they began a crusade against the Brannons, but succeeded in doing them no harm.

At East St. Louis Polk Badget ran and it was discovered just after the race that he was the celebrated Tanner. The money had been paid in bets and it was too late to get that back, but the exasperated officials seized the horse and branded him, so that he would forever afterward be known and that no more deception could be practiced by the wild Tennesseeans.

Probably the ringer that caused the greatest consternation in Missouri was Twilight. It happened many years ago, and there was an old-fashioned hog killing on the result. The horse was a high-class animal, and he was entered under a name other than his own. No attention was paid him by any one, and the bookmakers chalked up 15 and 20 to 1 on his chances. As rapidly as possible the promoters of the scheme at once lost no time in getting down with all the money they could raise. Slowly the odds decreased and the horse went to the post nearly a favorite. Besides, he was played heavily in the pool rooms all over the country and perhaps $100,000 was won on this race.

Twilight went to the front at the proper time and cantered in an easy winner. Such care was taken with him by both the jockey and the owner that it was not suspected that he was a ringer for more than an hour. Then it began to be whispered about that there was something wrong. So strong was the suspicion that the judges appointed several gentlemen to go to the stable and see if this fast horse was really the despised Twilight. When they arrived at the stable, where the horse had been kept previously, the stall was found to be empty, and there was not the slightest trace of the animal. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

But the owners and promoters of the scheme had collected everything there was coming to them and they lost no time in getting away. The fleet-footed Twilight was never heard of afterward. He probably became his proper self and raced afterward, but he was not recognized. That he was a ringer there is not the slightest doubt.

Little I Am was the next horse of the ringing variety. He also appeared at St. Louis, having done some work of a first-class character at several Eastern and Southern tracks.

But Little I Am was an unknown horse, who had done nothing to attract attention anywhere. In the race where he was entered were several good horses, and they were all held above him in the betting. The odds were high and the conspirators got all the money they could on the horse.

The horses went to the post and Little I Am was rated along in an easy position until the last eighth was reached. Then his rider called on him and he shot ahead and won nicely. It did not look suspicious at first, but when the past record of Little I Am came to be considered it was apparent that something was wrong. An investigation brought out the full particulars. The money was all collected on him and the promoters lost nothing by being caught.

I heard of one other little case while I was in Louisville. A big, burly man kept a livery stable on Jefferson Street, not far from Sixth. He was full of the shrewdest kind of tricks and never let an opportunity pass to add to qis store for a rainy day. One morning a countryman entered the place leading an old flea-bitten gray horse.

"Mister," he said, "I want to sell this horse. To be honest with you, I see he is failing and I want to get rid of him. You sell him for me and take the ten per cent. commission. Just take whatever you can get."

At noon that day the man returned and was told that the horse had brought ten dollars. The stableman kept one dollar for having made the sale and turned the other nine dollars over to the countryman. As the man started to leave a nephew of the stableman invited him to go into a saloon nearby and get a drink. The farmer consented, having had a slight acquaintance with the stableman and his brother. During the course of the conversation they had over the bar the nephew learned that the countryman was going to purchase another horse before he left for home. He managed to telephone this fact to his uncle, and about an hour later, after they had taken a half dozen drinks, they returned to the stable. There the rustic made known to the man that he desired to purchase a horse. At once a beautiful black was led out and $25 was asked for him. The rustic thought this was too high, and finally the stableman consented to take $20. This was considered satisfactory and the money was paid over. The countryman returned home with his new purchase.

The next day it just poured down rain, and after dinner the farmer went out into the yard, where he had left his new and beautiful black, and there stood the old flea-bitten gray. The stableman had dyed him and sold him back to his former owner. He had not time to do a good job of work and used plain lampblack, which the rain washed off.

This is said to be the actual truth, and the man about whom it is told is now one of the leading business men of the city. He is as well known in Louisville at this time as the Mayor of the city. I think the black horse was a ringer.

CHAPTER XXI.

Training for a Race.

There is a tendency toward returning to long distances, and a happy and encouraging fact this is, though it is not receiving that attention from the public breeder to which it is entitled. The private breeder, however, is blazing the way, and racing associations, by offering large rewards for supremacy in such events, are rapidly compelling acquiescence in the plan. It is popular also, for nine men out of ten would rather see a good long race, where the horses pass the stand as many times as possible, than a short dash, where one is hardly interested until it is over. In the olden times there was the greatest excitement, because it took some time for the contests to be completed and because there was an additional interest in watching the struggle of one horse for the supremacy over the other.

It is just the same as in a card game. If it were all over by the turn of a single card, no one would care to play whist, and thus this fashionable and highly interesting pastime would fade and die. It takes time to produce the excitement that is attractive to anybody but one who has simply gone to the track for speculative purposes. The man who really loves the sport because it illustrates the glory of the horse wants to see the actual racing and just as much of actual contest as is possible.

The olden time sportsmen cared comparatively little for the money to be won. He enjoyed seeing a race and he was not in the least actuated by sordid motives. William Walker, who rode Ten Broeck in his famous race with Mollie McCarthy, once told the writer concerning Mr. Harper, the owner of the horse he bestrode and piloted to victory, that Mr. Harper did not bet a cent on the race and never bet on any of the races where his horses were entered. He said the glory of winning was sufficient for him. Mr. Harper was a horseman of the old school and was loved and respected because of his fairness and devotion to the sport.

But this is a diversion. What I started out to tell the people of the present time was how a man trained a horse for a heat race when it was necessary for a trainer to thoroughly understand his business. I do not mean to say that the trainers of the present time are not good men, but I desire to convey the impression that they are wedded to short distances and that there are not many of them who would know how to exactly go about fitting a race horse for a long-distance race. Of course, there are a few, and they are good men, who have had experience in that line. The same methods are not used in the new school as were used by those of the old. But in the event of a return to the long distances it will be absolutely necessary for the trainers of to-day to inform themselves on the very matters which I am discussing here.

We will take, for example, the case of a trainer taking one horse to train for a stake event that is four months off. Let us assume the horse to start in this race has just been taken up out of the pasture. He is brought to the track or training quarters, and the first care of the trainer must be to see that the stall is comfortable. It must have plenty of ventilation and there must be a nice window in it. This window must be sufficiently high to prevent a draught on the horse, so as not to give him a cold or bring on any disease resultant therefrom. Everything must be clean and there must be no ill aroma, for this is a disease producer as well as any other cause. This horse must be handled as carefully as a child.

The first day, upon arriving at the training quarters, the horse may be walked about the track. It may be at a time when there are flies, or his feet may need protection to prevent them from becoming injured by stamping or anything of that order. Therefore, on the second day he should be shod. Now, this is not always the case, for his feet may not be in such a condition as to require it then, but it should not be long until this is done.

You have now provided comfortable quarters and seen to your horse's feet. These are the salient points up to this time, and your horse is ready for training. If he comes in from the pasture very gross or big in flesh, he should not eat over ten quarts of solid grain per day, one-third of it corn.

In the absence of grass, corn is the natural laxative. At least two days in the week he should have a mash at noon, say Tuesdays and Fridays. The mashes should always be cooked. It is frequently the case at the present time that cold ones are served, and they often produce colic. One might go on for twelve months and not have an accident from this cause, but in the thirteenth month he would go to his stable some morning and find his horse dead in the stall. Instead of feeding the mash at night, it should be given at noon, so the horse may show the effects in the daytime.

Walk the horse the first week, giving him short trots occasionally to accustom him to the work. Pursue the same course the second week, but you may gallop him if he is getting along nicely. Then when you send him out for the third week you may give him a mile and a quarter gallop, and then walk him a half mile. Give him another mile and a quarter, and then walk him about until he is rested. Take him back to the stable and have him rubbed down gently, in order to close the pores of the skin, which have been opened by the exertion. In this respect he is just like a human being. A man always feels refreshed after toil by a good rub down, and it is so with a horse.

By this time he is getting pretty well along. If he is very gross, he should be given a two-mile gallop, walked a half mile and given another one of two miles. At this time his feed should be increased to twelve quarts of solid grain per day. But if he is not gross, the distance should not be increased to over a mile and one-half. This refers to a delicate horse.

The latter animal should be taught to eat as much as possible, in order to increase his strength and vitality. If the bowels are too loose, cut off the mashes for a time; but if the animal is inclined to constipation, they should be kept up. By this time, if there has been nothing of a nature that has affected the horse's condition, you may begin to move him along at the rate of 30 seconds to the quarter two days in the week. With such a horse there should be no change made until the end of the sixth week. Of course, you must be governed by circumstances.

If the track is good and the weather favorable, you may work the horse at a two-minute gait for half a mile. This

should be done twice a week and kept up until the eighth week. There are yet two months in which to get him ready for the great race in which he is entered. He has got along nicely until this time, and there is no change in his condition.

Even if the horse is perfectly healthy and still is gross, he should have a ball, which will loosen him up and cool him off, as well as act as a tonic. During the twenty-four hours preceding the giving of the medicine at least two mashes should be given. This prepares him to receive the ball.

A ball consists of five drachms of fresh Barbados aloes, one drachm of calomel, half drachm of rhubarb, half drachm of ginger, mixed and worked into a ball or pill. Roll it in a little flour, so it will not stick to the hands, and in the event there is no veterinary near, it is always best to insert a balling iron, so the horse cannot bite you. Be sure to get the ball back of the tongue, holding the tongue with the left hand. Release the tongue and down goes the ball.

This operation should be done at eight o'clock in the morning, and the horse should be placed in a stall with a muzzle on, to prevent his eating. At eight o'clock the next morning the horse should show some symptoms of its acting. In the case there is no evidence of its acting, the horse should be walked or trotted to bring about such an action.

After the medicine shows its effects, begin to check him. The idea is to get the medicine properly diffused into the system. Feed him some dry hay or oats. Often a horse will eat hay when he will not eat anything else. It is just as important to get the medicine out of a horse as it is to get it into him. The idea is not to purge a horse violently, for it may make him sick for six months at a time. Careless and incompetent trainers will bring about this state of affairs nine times out of ten, and they should not attempt it unless they know just what they are doing.

For forty-eight hours after the medicine has been administered and the purging has stopped, the horse should be kept in a stall where the temperature is even, so he will not take cold and become weakened in any manner. Then he should begin to eat regularly again.

At first, upon taking him out on the track, he should be simply walked around for a few days and then gradually

put to work until he gets back to his two-mile canters again. He is now a horse in perfect condition, and there will be no further trouble with him if he is cared for properly. Go on as before carefully for another week. Then let him move a fast quarter—say, about thirty seconds. At the end of this week send him along for a half mile in about :58, and one week later breeze him along at the rate of a mile in two minutes. Do this twice a week.

Five weeks remain in which to prepare for the race. Gallop him two miles and repeat each day, making him do the last mile in about two minutes.

Four weeks remain. Work him again in about 1:50 in order to tighten him up. There are three weeks. Give him a mile and a quarter in as good as 2:15 or thereabouts. If this is done on Monday or Tuesday, he should be given a mile in 1:50 five days later. Two weeks remain. Send him a couple of miles on Monday in 3:50. The latter part of the week send him down a mile in 1:45. Plate him at this juncture, and send him with company, if possible, whatever the distance is, in about as fast time as he will go of his own volition. Four days later (he has but two days left) give him another two miles well within himself, not pushing him.

He is now fit and ready to run his first race of the season. The usual gallops may be given the last two days. Early in the morning on the day of the race he should be moved a quarter or an eighth with some horse as a test to show whether he had retained his speed with all this work. If he is cheerful, feeds and shows the proper example in the stable, he may be pronounced fit to race.

This method is not infallible, for the horse may be a different one than I have described. A wholly different treatment is needed where the animal is delicate and not strong and hardy. There can be no special mode of treatment given for the care of any horse, for he may be of a different temperament. Then another horse may not need one-fourth of this treatment to get him in condition. This is something that the level-headedness of the trainer must determine.

CHAPTER XXII.

How to Treat a Horse.

Veterinary Hints from the Pen of a Man Who Has Used Them in All His Practice for Sixty Years.

Among the most virulent and fatal diseases indiginous to this climate and also the most obstinate to treat come under the heads of glanders and farcy.

I speak of these difficulties mainly to enable the trainer or any farmer to detect the symptoms and prevent their spread, as they are extremely contagious for both man and horse. *They are incurable.*

To guard against the possibility of danger, when a case is suspected, the only safe way is to at once either isolate or destroy the animal. I depend mainly for the explanation of these diseases upon several old authors. They fully agree with the statements of modern authors that it is practically useless to tamper with the glanders. Farcy, in its early stages, can be controlled without difficulty, but the powerful medicine that it is necessary to use impairs the constitution. In addition, the disease is liable to break out again or develop glanders. Distinctive symptoms which glanders present may be slow in their development, and may continue for years before they are well defined, during which time the horse may feed and work well. But chronic glanders may finally become apparent.

On the other hand, they may run on for two or three weeks very rapidly and make their positive presence known by well-defined marks. These cases soon come to a fatal termination.

When it is called acute glanders the coat becomes rough and starring. The animal is usually hide-bound, the belly drawn up, constitutional disturbances exist, pulse easily excited, membrane lining of nostrils of a leaden hue, glands inside lower jaw where pulse is felt enlarged, hard and nodular, like a mass of peas or beans, especially on the side from which the discharge takes place—usually the left,

but sometimes the right, or even from both; discharge is clear and watery at first, becoming thicker and sticky, accumulating around the nostrils; cough may be present, but is not an invariable symptom; as the disease advances the discharge increases, becomes purulent, sometimes mixed with streaks of blood; it is of a heavy specific gravity, and if dropped into water it sinks to the bottom at once; it has a very effusive smell; the gland on the affected side adheres to the side of the jaw; ulcerating tubercules form on the nostrils, which have a mouse-eaten appearance, being raised and irregular at the edges and depressed in the center; they run into patches and spread over the whole nasal septum; weakness and emaciation set in; the ulceration in some cases extends to the cartilages, and even the bones are sometimes implicated; occasional bleedings ensue.

This disease and farcy may be termed one and the same after certain stages present themselves in farcy, and both are very contagious. Farcy should be promptly treated in its early stages.

PINK-EYE.—The symptoms are shown in a staggering gait, hanging head, shivering as from cold, loss of appetite, watery discharge from the eyes, one eye generally closed, especially the left one, pulse quickened and weak—from 50 to 60 per minute, breathing hurried, temperature from 104 to 106, bowels bound, urine scanty, pinkish color of mucus member of the eyelids always present in this disease.

Treatment.—1 ounce carbonate ammonia.
2 ounces cinchona bark, powdered.
½ ounce nux vomica.
2 drachms digitalis leaves.
3 ounces gentian root.

Mix and make into eight balls. Give all the water the horse will drink, to which add, say, an ounce of saltpetre. Balls should be used after the second day, giving two per day, one morning and the other at night before feeding. The animal should have gentle exercise for a half hour both morning and night and should be in a warm, comfortable, well-ventilated stable. No draught should be permitted to come directly on the horse. Give reasonable quantity of nutritious food. Be sure and keep the bowels consistently open at all times. This treatment usually insures a cure.

Cough or Chronic Cough.—Put into alcohol all the tar it will cut. Add one-third in quantity belladonna (tincture). Dose, from one to two teaspoonfuls once or twice a day. Another simple remedy which will sometimes work very nicely is fluid extract of belladonna, 10 to 15 drops, in tablespoonful of water on the tongue three or four times a day. If there is swelling of the glands of the neck, rub on a sharp stimulant or mild blister. The writer has used this very successfully, and in sudden attacks I mainly rely upon this treatment for allaying the coughing.

Laminitis or Founder.—This disease may be described as simply congestion or inflammation of the feet. It may be severe or moderate, according to the degree of disturbance. If inflammation runs high and is allowed to continue, it is liable to produce so much disorganization as to cause loss of the hoof. This, however, rarely ever happens. It produces so much change in the structure of the horse as to make him ultimately stiff and sore and practically worthless except for slow, easy work. There are two stages of this disease, acute and chronic. The first produces a high state of excitement and inflammation of the sensitive lamina and more or less of the internal structure of the foot generally. The second stage develops a morbid or insensitive feeling of the parts generally. The first can be invariably cured if properly treated, which is not difficult. The second stage may be palliated or partially relieved, but can never be cured. The treatment is simple and very effective. Put warm applications to the feet in the nature of poultices or water as hot as can be borne without scalding the animal. If possible, put him into a tub, so the water may reach up to the knees. Place a man on each side with a sponge or rag and let them bathe well the entire arm of the horse, while the feet get the benefit of the bath standing in the bucket or tub. The latter is always preferable, because it has greater capacity to hold water and is stronger to support the horse. A little chaff or straw thrown in the bottom of the tub for the animal to place his tender feet upon while being bathed is a good idea. In the meantime there should be some embrocation or liniment rubbed over or into the shoulders and along the

back and spine. As soon as this is done (gently), in case the weather should be cold, windy or otherwise inclement, a blanket or enough covering of some kind to guard against chilling should be placed on the horse and fastened with skewers or any other device that will hold it in proper place.

We suppose the animal, by this time, to have been in the hot bath one and one-half hours. If it has been impossible to secure hot water, then hot poultices may be used. But if neither of these are obtainable, place the horse in a pond belly deep. Let him stand there two or three hours in the soft mud and water, so as to help allay the inflammation. After leaving the pond take the horse to the nearest place where hot water and poultices can be found. The poultices should be made of turnips, flaxseed meal, or well-scalded bran, applied to the feet well up to the pasterns by means of sacks, heavy rags or boots made especially for that purpose. It is understood that the poultices must not be permitted to become dry. Lukewarm water should be applied to the feet and bag or boot, so as to keek up plenty of moisture. If allowed to dry out, this would increase the inflammation and thereby prove a detriment. On leaving the pond or tub of hot water the horse should be placed in a well-ventilated though comfortable stable and the lance should be applied to what is usually called the plate vein, which comes down on the inside of the foreleg. This artery should be lanced just above the knee in both forelegs and at least one quart of blood taken from each leg. After this the finger or thumb may be placed tight against the orifice or cut made with the lance, so as to coagulate the blood and check the bleeding. Bandages, if convenient to get, should be applied as high up the leg as can be gotten, as an artificial support. A good, clean bed of straw should be spread under him. A full-habited or gluttonous horse should be given three or four carrots or one quart of oats with one and a half quarts of bran well scalded and mixed together to eat. Then a well-ventilated muzzle should be placed on the horse to guard against his eating new or clean straw. Nothing is more likely to stiffen or founder a horse than overloading the stomach with newly threshed rye or wheat straw. The next essential is rest and perfect quiet,

that the animal may lie down, if he will, so as to relieve the forelegs of all the weight possible. When he rises to his feet again—say within two or three hours—and by his actions expresses that he is suffering great pain, he should be given two or three drachms of powdered opium or five or ten grains of morphine. If available, one or two grains of morphine should be injected under the skin, as there is nothing that so tells on a horse's strength as excessive pain. If the bowels should show in the least undue dryness or a tendency to constipation, a mild cathartic should be administered—five drachms Barbados aloes, one drachm of ginger, enough bar soap to make a mass; make into a ball and give quietly, so as not to irritate the patient. From the beginning of the treatment administer from 8 to 10 drops of aconite every half hour for four or five hours. In cases where there is much inflammation I have never found any treatment to equal it, and I have treated successfully many bad cases of laminitis and founder with this method. In high fever all of the gruel and water the animal will drink and a sufficient quantity of wet mashes and carrots or green stuff (grass) to keep up vitality should be given. A little solid grain should be given, which will assist nature to resist all maladies and enables her to react against them. Exhaustion means a want of vitality, and both man and beast often go down to the grave because they too often get too much medicine and not enough nutrition in the way of food. They sometimes die from sheer weakness.

Catarrh or Cold in the Head.—This is an affection of the lining of the membranes of the nasal chambers and cavities of the head. It consists in a congested or inflamed state of that membrane, giving rise to a glistening discharge from one or both nostrils. When the head of the windpipe or larynx is implicated, accompanied with cough, well-defined symptoms of catarrh are manifested. The majority of young horses under five years of age may be said to be predisposed to this affection. The exciting causes are sudden variations in the temperature, undue exposure to cold when an animal is in a heated state, especially after a hard day's work or drive or standing in badly ventilated stables or any place where the animal is exposed to cold

draughts. Perhaps the most common cause of catarrh in young horses is placing them in warm stables in the fall immediately upon taking them off the pastures. The sudden change from a cold to a hot temperature is more likely to cause catarrh than a change from a hot to a cold stable.

Symptoms.—If the horse is standing in the stable, he will appear dull and mopish, inclined to hang his head in the manger; the mouth is hot and the pulse quickened and weak; the coat begins to be starring and the lining membrane of the nose is reddened; if the larynx is involved, light pressure on that region will cause coughing. This is the congestive stage. It will soon pass off and exudation take place from the vessels, causing a discharge from the nostrils, at first watery and gradually becoming thicker and of a yellowish hue. In some instances this matter becomes pent up within the sinusses of the head, and comes away every three or four hours in quantities. A watery discharge from the eyes is often an accompaniment of catarrh. Should these symptoms become aggravated the appetite is impaired, the bowels costive and the foeces passed are of a clayey nature, legs and ears cold, breathing accelerated. Catarrh, if improperly treated or neglected by keeping the animal at work, having constantly changing temperatures, is very apt to descend to the chest and prove a prolific source for more formidable diseases, such as pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis.

Treatment.—Keep the bowels open, feed carrots and mashes, use counter-irritation of the larynx with mustard, keep throat wrapped up with a blanket or something else, so as to break off the cold from the thorax, give all the lukewarm water or scalded gruel made of meal mixed in water. Then give internally two drachms of belladonna and one ounce of chlorate of potash, with a sufficient quantity of honey, to be made into the form of an electuary and applied with a spoon to the back of the tongue; also put one-half ounce chlorate of potash into a bucket of water and keep it before the animal, that he may drink of it when he desires to do so.

Strangles or Distemper.—This disease is akin to catarrh, as both are creatures of the same causes. Both

may be brought on by the animal being subjected to exposure to sudden changes of temperatures—from dry to damp and from hot to cold. The disease differs from catarrh, because it most frequently attacks young horses, generally from two to five years old. It seems to be nature's design to throw some poisonous matter from the system, and the treatment should be that which will assist the animal best and most readily in doing so. The vitality should be assisted, therefore, by feeding nutritious food, in the nature of vegetables and bran mashes, keeping the bowels open and strengthening the animal at the same time. This disease occurs most often in springtime, and shows itself during damp, cold weather, in radical changes of temperature or when horses are being changed from one locality to another, as from the country out of a pasture, where there is plenty of pure, cool, healthy air, to which they have become acclimated, and placed in a hot stable in the city. It rarely ever fails to bring on a violent attack of catarrh and distemper, and sometimes pneumonia also.

Treatment.—Provide a well-ventilated stable, clothe warmly, rub and bandage the legs with good, warm flannel, use freely a poultice made of warm water, bran and vinegar, to be applied to the throat so as to encourage a free discharge of puss. In an hour apply again.

To Treat a Curb.—Grease with lard from the curb spot to the hoof after applying the blister and daily as long as it discharges. It should run freely for 36 or 48 hours. It will remove the lump in a scab from the curb. Muzzle horse till blister is stopped. Stop the blister and dress it daily afterward with sweet oil or lard. The horse should not be worked till the swelling leaves the legs.

Blood or Bog Spavin.—Wet the part well with acetic acid, rub in slightly with bare hand. Moisture like dew should come from it in three minutes. If it does not sweat this way, apply once daily until it does so. Apply afterward once a week until cured. Turn the animal out and let him exercise in a lot or field. Severe exercise should be avoided. Feed moderately.

Spasm of the Diaphragm or Colic.—This is generally provoked by the heedlessness of the rider. A horse is overmarked, as the condition is technically called, when the

animal is urged onward to the point of falling. The person who may occupy the saddle becomes conscious of a strange and loud noise coming from tne body which he bestrides. It appears to the equestrian as though some demon were located within the carcase and was violently striking the sides. Should the indication be observed the noise will be found to proceed from behind or immediately under the rider. This noise is produced by a spasm of the diaphragm. The horse must, as the word overmarked seems to imply, have been pushed far beyond the point where man should have pulled the reins a little distance further back. After the symptoms are developed they will bring the animal to the ground. Stop him immediately. The rider should dismount. The loins should be covered with the rider's coat, if nothing better be at hand. The rider who has caused the misery is bound to make any sacrifice for its alleviation. The girths should be loosened, the bridle removed, and, when time has passed for the system to become slightly tranquilized, the animal should be led gently to the nearest shelter. So soon as it is under cover the following drink should be administered, but time should be taken to give the medicine, as the condition of the horse forbids all haste:

Sulphuric ether, 2 ounces.
Tincture of camphor, ½ ounce.
Opium (tincture), 1 ounce.
Cold water or gruel, 1 pint.

This should be repeated every quarter of an hour till four drinks are swallowed. Then the intervals should be lengthened to half an hour, and as the symptoms decrease the medicine ought to be administered at still longer periods, and ultimately but gradually withdrawn. There are, however, other things to be done. When the animal is first brought in get two assistants; give two leg bandages to each of the helpers, together with a sponge and a basin of cold water. The four legs should be bandaged and the mouth sponged out, also nose, eyes and anas. The horse should not be excited in the least and the work should be performed very quietly. This done, if the ears are cold they should be pulled and the head rubbed slightly, in order to bring up circulation. Clothing should be put on—hood

and body clothing. Wet swabs should then be placed on the feet and a pail of gruel suspended from the manger. Spasm of the diaphragm, if taken in time, is not generally fatal, and no man, however determined a Nimrod he may be, is justified in proceeding after having recognized so mysterious a warning. The sound before alluded to must emphatically inform the rider that all is not right with the animal on which he is seated. When spasm of the diaphragm terminates fatally, approaching dissolution is announced by easily recognized signs. The pulse cannot be felt under the jaw ; the heart only flutters, instead of beating regularly ; the feet are icy cold, a yellow discharge drains from the nostrils, breath becomes fetid, pupil of the eye enlarges, the horse wanders round and round its box and soon sinks and perishes.

Typhoid Pneumonia.—This cause is mainly attributed to those influences which interfere with the general health and vigor of the animal—overcrowding, improper ventilation, confinement in damp, filthy stables, drinking bad water which holds in solution decomposing organic matter, insufficient nourishment and undue exposure, together with what may be termed general atmospheric cause.

Symptoms.—The horse is off his feed, disinclination to move, appetite gone, pulse weak and low, will sometimes eat a little, but will not lie down, stands hanging his head, is listless and stupid, not much cough, rarely any discoloration of the membrane of the nose or eyes, urine scanty and high colored, foeces hard and coated. After two or three days the membranes of the nose and eyes become a little dis colored or red, the pulse becomes quicker—sixty-five to seventy, breathes quicker. About the fourth or fifth day there is usually a discharge from the nostrils of brackish, bran-colored cerum.

Treatment.—As the word typhoid means low, it is necessary to watch it carefully in that stage, which will last, as described in "Symptoms," the first four or five days. In many cases the pulse will run down to thirty. Stimulants should be used at this stage, such as a little brandy and water or whisky and water. A gill or two of the stimulant should be given as a drench, or, what is better, take carbo-

nate of ammonia from one to two drachms, powdered ginger root from one to two drachms; made into a ball with honey or molasses; administer twice a day. It is to be remembered that this treatment is to be used only in the low stage of the disease. If the pulse rises to fifty or sixty on the fifth or sixth day, then the patient should be treated as if for pleurisy and fever medicines used. Under this latter treatment the pulse will subside and resume its natural number of beats (40). In this form of the disease the horse is extremely prostrated at first, the whole system being inactive. At first the pulse may run up to seventy or eighty. The horse should be kept moderately warm, the head, neck and extremities clothed well; should have well ventilated stall, with no draught on him; keep bowels open by injections; give plenty water, but be sure to take the chill air off it by putting a few quarts of warm water into the bucket of cold water, with a little of nitrate of potash, as directed in pneumonia. Nurse the horse with anything he will eat—an apple, carrot, a handful of wet hay, a little warm grass or anything he will eat of an alterative nature. Be sure for four or five days to let him have all the quiet and rest possible, after which all will be well. Do not put him to hard labor of any kind too soon for fear of a relapse brought on by enervation or weakness.

Worms.—Since there are thousands of good horses whose health becomes impaired when worms accumulate in large number in their systems, one cannot be too careful in his examination of the causes why his horse does not look or do well. He gives the animal plenty of good, nutritious food and he eats, but the hair stares, his foeces becomes dry, belly tucks up, and he neither gains flesh or otherwise does well. These symptoms generally indicate worms, which live in the horse by sucking up the nutrition of his food, interfering with and sometimes demoralizing the gastric juices, also greatly depleting the sugary quality of the bile (called kime). When this takes place necessarily bad digestion must follow, then weakness, a rough coat and bad general health. Unless timely vermifuges are given, with other purgative medicine, of which I give a list that are almost infallible for eradicating worms and producing a reaction for

the betterment of the horse's condition, I recommend the following

Treatment—Which I have used for many years with great satisfaction: Mash the horse with well-scalded bran mashes for two feeds; then at nighttime give him one powder for three successive nights made into the following combination, but divided into three equal parts (one to be given each night): 3 drachms of English calomel and one drachm tartar emetic. This is to be followed in twenty-four hours by a good purging ball made of five drachms Barbados aloes, two drachms of ginger, one drachm of rhubarb, mixed with molasses and flax seed, meal or flour. After the medicine begins to work let the horse remain quiet in a comfortable stall, and examine the foeces to see if the worms are being carried off. Then after eight or ten stools have passed off small quantities of food may be given, together with reasonable quantities of tepid water. This treatment never fails to get rid of worms and improve the general health of the horse. I have practiced it for more than forty years. (The Old Veteran Himself.)

To Blister a Curb.—Put one hundred grains of finely powdered corrosive sublimate in a one-half ounce bottle of alcohol and let it remains till it dissolves. Shave the hair off close and apply with a cork for ten or twelve minutes. If it does not take effect in an hour, repeat the application.

Thrush.—This is a disease peculiar to all the lower animals under certain conditions. Horses, oxen and sheep are especially liable to become affected with it. It is generally produced by permitting stock to remain in buildings that are unclean, such as allowing horses to stand too long in their own stools and urine. When this is the case, unless their feet are being picked out, washed or otherwise cleansed daily, thrush invariably sets in. If allowed to run any length of time, it will eat up the internal structure of the foot, and cause not only disunion to take place, but the loss of the hoof sometimes results.

In order to prevent thrush keep your stables clean, have your horses' hoofs picked out or washed at least twice a week to prevent the accumulation of filth, keep your horses' feet clean. This same order applies to oxen and

sheep. Clean the feet of the latter animals at least once every ninety days, and dress the feet with a coat of blue stone well pulverized and mixed with sufficient honey to make a salve. After the feet have been thoroughly cleansed apply the salve with a brush. This treatment will secure good, sound frogs and healthy, natural feet.

It is very essential that the horse's feet be kept in good condition, and to bring this about the utmost care should be used in looking after them

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Track Records.

The whole thought of the turfmen of to-day inclines toward speed and there is nothing they have not done to assist in this development. Comparisons, therefore, of the time in races made in the years ago and that at present clipped off are merely interesting without being conclusive of anything. Time is relative and so always has been considered by turfmen, whether racing is to them a matter of speculation or a medium of recreation.

Atmosphere, environment, condition of course, character of pace, judgment of jockey—all these and a dozen more contingencies enter into the making up of time. To-day it is a selling plater that makes a record and to-morrow for that same plater to be beaten thoroughly in much slower time by a horse of quality who always could and always would beat him, and yet who never had a record emblazoned on his career. Discussions of records, therefore, from a time standpoint, are profitless and, in many instances, misleading. I do not mean to dim by any word of mine any laurel now worn by the glorious living or by the valiant dead. Time is interesting and, at periods, informatory, but it never can, other than by accident, be conclusive as to merit.

THE GREAT FUTURITY, inaugurated in 1888 by the Coney Island Jockey Club, run in the fall, six furlongs, by two-year-olds, annually, is one of the richest of all of the American classics, and has been won by the horses year after year, as herein mentioned, since it was inaugurated:

1888.—Proctor Knott, 122 lbs. (Barnes), 1st; Salvator, 108 lbs.; Galen, 115 lbs.; time, 1.15⅘; value, $45,000; 14 starters.

1889.—W. L. Scott's Chaos, 109 lbs. (Day); St. Carlo, 122 lbs.; Sinaloa II, 105 lbs.; time, 1:16⅘; value, $63,675; 23 starters.

1890.—August Belmont's Potomac, 115 lbs. (Hamilton); Masher, 108 lbs.; Strathmeath, 124 lbs.; time, 1:14⅕; value, $77,000; 15 starters.

1891.—D. Gideon's His Highness, 130 lbs. (J. McLaughlin); Yorkville Belle, 115 lbs.; Dagonet, 108 lbs.; time, 1:15⅕; value, $72,000; 21 starters.

1892.—A. F. Van Ness's Morelo, 118 lbs. (Haywood); Lady Violet, 118 lbs.; St. Lenards, 115 lbs.; time, 1:12⅕; value, $41,375; 17 starters.

1893.—J. R. & F. P. Keene's Domino, 130 lbs. (Taral); Galilee, 115 lbs.; Dobbins, 130 lbs.; time, 1:12⅘; value, $45,000; 20 starters.

1894.—Gideon & Daly's Butterflies, 112 lbs. (Griffin); Brandywine, 108 lbs.; Agitator, 110 lbs.; time, 1:11; value, $63,830; 17 starters.

1895.—Gideon & Daly's Requital, 115 lbs. (Griffin); Cresendo, 114 lbs.; Silver II, 108 lbs.; time, 1:11⅗; value, $69,770; 20 starters.

1896.—Marcus Daly's Ogden, 115 lbs. (Tuberville); Ornament, 116 lbs.; Rodermond, 115 lbs.; time, 1:10; value, $56,970; 10 starters.

1897.—L. S. & W. P. Thompson's L'Alouette, 115 lbs. (Clawson); Lidian, 115 lbs.; Uriel, 115 lbs.; time, 1:11; value, $43,300; 18 starters.

1898.—W. Heulin's Martimas, 118 lbs. (H. Lewis); High Degree, 113 lbs.; Mr. Clay, 118 lbs.; time, 1:12⅖; value, $46,840; 23 starters.

1899.—James R. Keene's Charconac, 114 lbs. (Spencer); Brigadier, 109 lbs.; Windmere, 112 lbs.; time, 1:10⅖; value, $41,000; 20 starters.

1900.—W. C. Whitney's Ballyhoo Bey, 112 lbs. (T. Sloan); Olympian, 112 lbs.; Tommy Atkins, 129 lbs.; time, 1:10; value, $42,000; 12 starters.

1901.—John E. Madden's Yankee, 119 lbs. (O'Connor); Lux Caster, 109 lbs.; Barron, 112 lbs.; time, 1:09⅕; value, $46,210; 19 starters.

1902.—John A. Drake's Savable, 119 lbs. (Lyne); Lord of the Vale, 117 lbs.; Dazeling, 116 lbs.; time, 1:14; value, $56,660; 24 starters.

1903.—Sydney Paget's Hamburg Belle, 114 lbs. (Fuller); Leonidis, 123 lbs.; The Minute Man, 122 lbs.; time, 1:13; value, $46,550; 18 starters.

1904.—H. B. Duryea's Artful, 114 lbs. (Hildebrand); Tradition, 127 lbs.; Sysonby, 127 lbs.; time, 1:11⅘; value, $52,990; 16 starters.

1905.—Ormondale Stable's Ormondale, 117 lbs. (Redfern); Timber, 119 lbs.; Belmere, 117 lbs.; time, 1:11⅘; value, $43,680; 17 starters.

1906.—Wm. Lakeland & B. G. Thomas's Electioneer, 117 lbs., by Voter — Quesal (L. Williams); Tourenne, Aleatheaw; time, 1:13⅗.

NOTE.—The distance in 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901 was 170 feet less than six furlongs; other years the distance was full six furlongs.

THE FLYING HANDICAP.—Inaugurated in 1893. For three-year-olds; six furlongs:

1893.—Gideon & Daly's Cactus, 115 lbs. (Overton); time, 1:11⅗.

1894.—J. R. Keene's Domino, 130 lbs. (Taral); time, 1:10.

1895.—San Anita Stable's Rey del Carreres, 122 lbs. (Taral); time, 1:11⅖.

1896.—Wm. Wallace's Refuge, 100 lbs. (Tod Sloan); time, 1:16.

1897.—A. H. & D. H. Morris's Casseopia, 108 lbs. (F. Littlefield); time, 1:15⅕.

1898.—W. B. Jennings's Bendoran, 112 lbs. (Maher); time, 1:14⅖.

1899.—Sydney Paget's Toluca, 108 lbs. (Clawson); time, 1:14.

1900.—Sam Hildreth's Vulcain, 124 lbs. (Henry); time, 1:13⅗.

1901.—Goughacre Stable's Dublin, 118 lbs. (McCue); 1:12⅘.

1902.—A. Featherston's Hatasoo, 122 lbs. (Shaw); time, 1:13.

1903.—W. B. Jennings's Shot Gun, 119 lbs. (Odom); time, 1:14⅗.

1904.—S. S. Brown's Broomstick, 129 lbs.; time, 1:13⅗.

1905.—James McLaughlin's Oxford, 109 lbs.; time, 1:15⅕.

1906.—Newcastle Stable's b. c. Inquisitor, 120 lbs. (Miller); Frank J. Farrell's ch. c. Arklita, 123 lbs.; T. L. Watt's b. f. Consistent, 97 lbs.

NOTE.—Prior to 1896 races were run over the old Futurity Course, 170 feet less than six furlongs.

THE GREAT AUTUMN STEEPLECHASE.—For four-year-olds and upwards; about two miles and a half. Inaugurated, 1906.

1906.—Brownleigh Park Stable's b. g. John M. P. (aged), 162 lbs., first; Bartlet McLennan's b. g. Agent (4 years), second; Bonny Brook Stable's ch. g. Alfar (4 years), third; time, 5:05.

THE SAPPHIRE STAKES.—For two-year-olds that have not won a race of the value of $1,000 up to the time of closing; five and one-half furlongs. Futurity Course.

1887.—V. F. Mattese Stable's Geraldine, 116 lbs. (Kelly); time, 1:15.

1888.—D. D. Withers's Sluggard, 108 lbs. (George Taylor); time, 1:14⅘.

1889.—August Belmont's Magnet, 118 lbs. (Anderson); time, 1:19⅕.

1890.—Bashford Manor Farm's Gascoin, 111 lbs. (Overton); time, 1:10.

1891.—G. E. Smith's King Cadmus, 111 lbs. (Taral); time, 1:09⅖.

1892.—Blemton Stable's Belgarde, 108 lbs. (Syms); time, 1:09.

1893.—J. Ruppert, Jr.'s, Longsdale, 118 lbs. (Lamle); time, 1:08⅘.

1894.—P. Lorillard's Dolabra, 118 lbs. (Hamilton); time, 1:08⅖.

1895.—L. E. Zell's Kamsin, 115 lbs. (Griffin); time, 1:08⅗.

1896.—A. H. & D. H. Morris's The Friar, 125 lbs. (F. Littlefield); time, 1:07⅘.

1897.—L. S. & W. P. Thompson's The Huguenot, 118 lbs. (W. Martin); time, 1:08.

1898.—Mrs. B. McClellan's Ways and Means, 125 lbs. (Maher); time, 1:10.

1899.—J. E. Madden's Gulden, 118 lbs. (Odom); time, 1:08⅜.

1900.—J. R. & F. P. Keene's Conroy, 109 lbs. (Spencer); time, 1:06⅜.

1901.—W. C. Whitney's Pretorious, 108 lbs. (Burns); time, 1:08.

1902.—J. R. Keene's Clarion, 108 lbs. (O'Connor); time, 1:06⅜.

1903.—A. L. Aste's Luxemburg, 108 lbs. (Gray); time, 1:07.

1904.—S. S. Brown's Agile, 118 lbs. (Burns); time, 1:06⅕.

1905.—C. R. Ellison's Lady Navarre, 115 lbs. (Burns); time, 1:09.

1906.—E. S. Burke, Jr.'s, b. c. W. H. Daniell, first, 125 lbs. (Jones), time 1:06⅜; Paumonok, second; J. E. Segram's ch. c. Main Chance, third.

NOTE.—Prior to 1889 the distance was six furlongs.

THE OCEAN HANDICAP.—Coney Island; $2,500 added. Previous winners:

1894.—J. R. & F. P. Keene's Domino (3), 116 lbs. (Taral); time, 1:40⅕.

1895.—Pastime Stable's Henry Young (5), 107 lbs. (A. Clayton); time, 1:39⅘.

1896.—J. M. Murphy's Buck Massie (4), 119 lbs. (J. Hill); time, 1:41.

1897.—G. E. Smith's Belmar (5), 121 lbs. (T. Sloan); time, 1:41.

1898.—W. B. Jenning's Briar Sweet (3), 110 lbs. (Maher); time, 1:40⅘.

1899.—Harness & Brosman's Imp (5), 123 lbs. (P. Clay); time, 1:40⅕.

1900.—James R. Keene's Voter (6), 130 lbs. (Spencer); time, 1:39⅖.

1901.—J. E. Widener's Ten Candles (4), 122 lbs. (Spencer); time, 1:38⅘.

1902.—J. E. Madden's Col. Bill (3), 105 lbs. (H. Michaels); time, 1:39⅘.

1903.—E. R. Thomas's Hermis (4), 127 lbs. (Odom); time, 1:39⅘.

1904.—W. B. Jennings's Dainty (4), 110 lbs. (Hildebrand); time, 1:39.

1905.—W. B. Jennings's Prosper (3), 122 lbs. (Knapp); time, 1:41⅕.

1906—A. Belmont's Tiptoe (3), 107 lbs. (Horner); time, 1:38⅖.

The Brooklyn Handicap is one of the annuals that is always looked forward to with great interest by all classes, as the best horses, from three-year-olds up to all ages, are invariably entered in this race, it being one of the American Classics, the distance being 1¼m.

1887.—Dry Monopole (imp. Glenelg), Blue Wing, Hidalgo; time, 2:07; value, $5,850; 17 starters.

1888.—The Bard (Longfellow), Hanover, Exile; time, 2:13; value, $6,925; 17 starters.

1889.—Exile (imp. Mortemer), Prince Royal, Terra Cotta; time, 2:07½; value, $6,900; 7 starters.

1890.—Castaway II (Outcast), Badger, Erie; time, 2:10; value, $6,900; 9 starters.

1891.—Tenny (imp. Rayon d'Or), Prince Royal, Tea Tray; time, 2:10; value, $14,800; 21 starters.

1892.—Judge Morrow (Vagabond), Pessara, Russell; time, 2:08¾; value, $17,750; 12 starters.

1893.—Diabalo (Eolus), Lamplighter, Lonawell; time, 2:09; value, $17,500; 13 starters.

1894.—Dr. Rice (Onondaga), Henry of Navarre, Sir Walter; time, 2:07½; value, $17,750; 14 starters.

1895.—Hornpipe (imp. Mr. Pickwick), Lazzarone, Sir Walter; time, 2:11¼; value, $7,750; 12 starters.

1896.—Sir Walter (imp. Midlothian), Clifford, St. Maxim; time, 2:08½; value, $7,750; 8 starters.

1897.—Howard Mann (Duke of Montrose), Lake Shore, Volley; time, 2:09¾; value, $7,750; 11 starters.

1898.—Ornament (imp. Order), Ben Holloday, Sly Fox; time, 2:10; value, $7,800; 8 starters.

1899.—Banastar (Farandole), Lanky Bob, Filigrane; time, 2:06½; value, $7,800; 16 starters.

1900.—Kinley Mack (imp. Isinglass), Rafaello, Herbert; time, 2:10; value, $7,800; 9 starters.

1901.— Conroy (St. Leonardo), Herbert, Standing; time, 2:09; value, $7,800; 9 starters.

1902.—Reina (imp. Esher), Advance Guard, Pentecost; time, 2:07; value, $7,800; 14 starters.

1903.—Irish Lad (imp. Candlemas), Gunfire, Heno; time, 2:05⅖; value, $14,950; 12 starters.

1904.—The Picket (Falsetto), Irish Lad, Proper; time, 2:06⅗; value, $15,800; 16 starters.

1905.—Delhi (Ben Brush), Ostrich, Graziallo; time, 2:06⅖; value, $15,800; 11 starters.

1906.—Tokalon (Tammany), Dandelion, The Picket; time, 2:05⅗; value, $15,800; 14 starters.

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD IN U. S.

¼ mile	Bob Wade, 4, Butte (Mont.), Aug. 20. 1890	0:21¼
⅜ "	Atoka, a, 115, Butte (Mont.), Aug. 23, 1906	0:33¾
3½ fur.	Judge Thomas, a, 134, Butte (Mont.), July 14, 1902	0:40½
½ mile	Geraldine, 4, 122, Morris P'k (str'ht co'se), Aug. 30, 1889	0:46
	Bessie Macklin, 2, 100, Dallas (Tex.), Oct, 3, 1899	0:46½
4½ fur.	Tanya, 2, 107, Morris Park (str'ht co'se), May 12, 1904	0:51½
	Old England, 2, 108, Cal. J. C. (Oakland), Dec. 18, 1901	0:53
⅝ mile	Maid Marian, 4, 111, Mor. P'k (str'ht co'se), Oct. 9, 1894	0:56¾
	George F. Smith, 4, 100, San Francisco (Cal. J. C.), March 7, 1895	0:59
5½ fur.	Plater, 2, 107, Morris Park (str'ht co'se), Oct. 21, 1902	1:02½
	McGee, 3, 105, Chicago (Harlem), Oct. 1, 1903	1:05 1-5
	Futurity Course (170 feet less than ¾ mile).	
	Kingston, a, 139, Sh'sh'd Bay (C. I. J. C.), June 22, 1891	1:08
6 fur.	Artful, 2, 130, Morris Park (str'ht co'se), Oct. 15, 1904	1:08
	Roseben, 4, 147, Belmont Park (L. I.), Oct. 6, 1905	1:11
6½ fur.	Lady Vera, 2, 90, Belmont Park (L. I.), (str'ht co'se), Oct. 19, 1906	1:16 3-5
	Oxford, 4, 118, Belmont Park (L. I.), Oct. 15, 1906	1:18 1 5
7 fur.	Roseben, 5, 126, Belmont Park (L. I.), Oct. 16, 1906	1:22
7½ fur.	Dainty, 4, 109, San Francisco (Oakland), Dec. 19, 1904	1:32
1 mile	Salvator, 4, 110, Monmouth Park, Aug. 28, 1890 (against time, straight course)	1:35½
	Kildeer, 4, 91, Monm'th P'k, Aug. 13, 1902 (str'ht co'se)	1:37¼
	Kiamesha, 3, 104, Belmont Park (L. I.), Oct. 9, 1905	1:37 2 5
	Dick Welles, 3, 112, Chicago (Harlem), Aug. 14, 1903	----
1 m. 20 yds.	Macy, 4, 107, Chicago (Wash'ton P'k), July 2, 1898	----
	Maid Marian, 4, 106, Chicago (Washington Park), July, 19, 1893	1:40
	Six Shooter, 5, 111, Chi. (W'h'ton P'k), June 27, 1903	----
1 m. 50 yds.	Haviland, 6, 99, Chicago (W'h'ton P'k), July 7, 1903	1:41 1-5
1 m. 70 yds.	Jiminez, 3, 101, Chicago (Harlem), Sept. 5, 1901	1:42
	Dalvay, 3, 96, Chicago (Harlem), Aug. 31, 1904	----
1 m. 100 yds.	Grand Opera, 4, 77, Chicago (Harlem), Aug. 12, 1903	1:44 3-5
1 1-16 m.	Israelite, 4, 101, Brighton Beach, Sept 25, 1905	1:44 3-5
	Glassful, 3, 101, Chicago (Wash'ton P'k), July 2, 1903	----
1⅛ m.	Bonnibert, 4, 120, Brighton Beach, July 30, 1902	1:51
1 3-16 m.	Scintillant II, 6, 109, Chicago (Harlem), Sept. 1, 1902	1:57 2-5
1¼ m.	Banquet, 3, 108, Monm'th P'k (str'ht co'se), July 17, 1890	2:03¾
	Broomstick, 3, 104, Brighton Beach, July 9, 1904	2:02 4-5
1 5-16 m.	Bedouin, 3, 111, Belmont Park (L. I.), Oct. 2, 1905	2:10 3-5
1 m. 500 yds.	Swift Wing, 5, 100, Latonia (Ky.), July 8, 1905	2:10 1-5
1⅜ miles	Irish Lad, 4, 126, Sheepsh'd Bay (C. I.), June 25, 1904	2:17 3-5
1½ "	Goodrich, 3, 102, Chicago (Wash'ton P'k), July 16, 1898	2:30½
1⅝ "	Africander, 3, 126, Sheepshead Bay (C. I.), July 7, 1903	2:45 1-5
1¾ "	Major Dangerfield, 4, 120, Morris Park, Oct. 3, 1903	2:57
1⅞ "	Julius Caesar, 5, 108, New Orleans (La.), Feb. 27, 1900	3:19
2 "	Judge Denny, 5, 105, Cal. J. C., Feb. 12, 1898	3:26½
	Ten Broeck, 5, 110, Louisville, May 29, 1877 (ag'st time)	3:27½

2⅛ miles	JOE MURPHY, 4, 99, Chicago (Harlem), Aug. 30, 1894	3:42
2¼ "	ETHELBERT, 4, 124, Brighton Beach, Aug. 4, 1900	3:49 1-5
2½ "	KYRAT, 3, 88, Newport (Ky.), Nov. 18, 1899	4:24½
2⅝ "	TEN BROECK, 4, 104, Lexington, Sept. 16, 1876	4:58½
2¾ "	HUBBARD, 4, 107, Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1873	4:58¾
3 "	ELIE, 4, 99, Cal. J. C. (Oakland), April 8, 1905	5:22
4 "	LUCREZIA BORGIA, 4, 85, Cal. J. C. (Oakland), May 20, 1897 (against time)	7:11
	THE BACHELOR, a, 118, Cal. J. C. (Oakland), Feb. 22, 1899	7:16½

HEAT RACES.

¼ mile	SLEEPY DICK, a, Kiowa (Kan.), Oct. 19, 1888	0:21½—0:22¼
⅜ "	BOB WADE, 4, Butte (Mont.), Aug. 16, 1890	0:36¼—0:36¼
½ "	ECLIPSE, JR., 4, Dallas (Tex.), Nov. 1, 1890	0:48—0:48—0:48
	BOGUS, a, 113, Helena (Mont.), Aug. 22, 1888	0:48—0:48
	BILL HOWARD, 5, 122, Anaconda (Mont.), Aug. 17, 1895	0:47½—0:48½
⅝ "	KITTIE PEASE, 4, 82, Dallas (Tex.), Nov. 2, 1887	1:00—1:00
	FOX, 4, 113, San Francisco (Cal.), Oct. 31, 1891	1:00 3-5—1:01 1-5
¾ "	TOM HAYES, 4, 107, Morris Park, June 17, 1892 (straight course)	1:10½—1:12¾
	LIZZIE S., 5, 118, Louisville, Sept. 28, 1883	1:13¼—1:13¼
1 "	GUIDO, 4, 117, Chicago (W'h'ton P'k), July 11, 1891	1:41½—1:41
1 (3 in 5)	L'ARGENTINE, 5, 115, St. Louis, June 14, 1879	1:43—1:44—1:47¾
1 1-16 m.	SLIPALONG, 5, 115, Chicago (Washington Park), Sept. 2, 1885	1:51½—1:48½
1⅛ m.	WHAT-ER-LOU, 5, 119, San Francisco (Ingleside), Feb. 18, 1899	1:56—1:54¾
1¼ m.	GLENMORE, 5, 114, Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 25 1880	2:10—2:14
1½ m.	PATSY DUFFY, a, 115, Sacramento (Cal.), Sept. 17, 1884	2:41¾—2:41
2 m.	MISS WOODFORD, 4, 107½, Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 20, 1884	3:33—3:31¼
3 m.	NORFOLK, 4, 100, Sac'ra'to (Cal.), Sept. 23, 1865	5:27½—5:29¼

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